

# YOUNG GLORY

PATRIOTIC WAR STORIES.

Issued Semi-Monthly—By Subscription \$1.25 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, by Frank Tousey.

No. 15

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 7, 1898.

Price 5 Cents.

## YOUNG GLORY ON THE VESUVIUS; — OR — THE DYNAMITE CRUISER'S DARING WORK. BY AUTHOR OF "YOUNG GLORY."



In a moment, on the deck of the raft was a bright red light, and as the whole of the powder caught there arose an immense mass of flame, brilliantly red, and each instant growing more intense. Jose Castro rushed toward Young Glory, six-shooter in hand, followed by several soldiers.





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# Young Glory on the Vesuvius; OR, THE DYNAMITE CRUISER'S DARING WORK.

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## CHAPTER I.

### IN THE SPANISH CAMP—THE FIRST VOLUNTEER.

"Viva Espana!"

The Spanish soldiers threw their caps in the air in their wild enthusiasm as they uttered this patriotic cry.

The scene was the military camp beneath El Morro, the great fort at the western entrance to the city of Santiago.

In a large open space in the centre of the camp fully half the soldiers on duty there had collected, and from time to time some orator would rise from the ranks, and delivering a fiery speech, seek to encourage them in their resistance to the enemy.

It was a more than usually vigorous oration that had called forth the patriotic cry which this story opens.

Many of the men were lying down smoking cigarettes, but they were not less interested in the proceedings than their comrades who were standing up, seemingly taking a more active part in what was going on around them.

"Viva Espana!" again they shouted.

"Senors!" cried a well-made, agile figure, pushing his way through the crowd to the front, and when he got there, turning to address the throng, "Senors, shouts do little. Let us come down to business."

Here there were many angry cries.

The men were enjoying themselves and they looked upon the last speaker with anger. They were collected for the purpose of abusing the "Yankee pigs," as they called the enemy, and they were by no means tired of the amusement.

The man, whoever he was, held his ground bravely. In fact, he openly insulted his audience.

"You lie about and smoke," he said, "when there is work to be done."

"Are you our master?" asked a young sergeant angrily.

"By St. Iago! I wish I was."

"Who is he? Who is he?" the men began to cry.

"Bah!" said the man, snapping his fingers in their faces.

"If you had been fighting instead of drinking and enjoying yourselves you wouldn't have asked that question. You would have known me."

A soldier picked a burning brand from the fire and held the blaze near the speaker's face, so that every feature was lit up by the flame.

Many of the men moved nearer to get a good view of him.

The man smiled scornfully at them.

"Now do you know me?" he said.

"It is Jose Castro!"

One man uttered this exclamation, and instantly fifty men echoed the phrase.

Soldiers rose to their feet at a bound and joined the pushing, struggling crowd who were trying to reach the speaker.

"Jose Castro!" exclaimed the young sergeant in astonishment.

"Yes, that is my name," he answered, folding his arms and regarding the soldiers with disdain.

"Viva Jose!" was the shout now.

The soldiers changed their tone instantly and each one tried to outdo the other in his exhibition of enthusiasm. Many there who had never seen him before gazed long and curiously at his face, for Jose Castro was famous everywhere as the most astute and crafty spy in the service of Spain.

That he was an unscrupulous man, utterly without mercy, was no sin in the eyes of the soldiers. On the contrary, they esteemed him all the more for the possession of these very qualities.



"Now, senors, let us get to business," continued the spy, "as I said before."

"Yes! Yes! Hear him!"

"We want to spend every hour when we are awake," said the spy, "in fighting the Yankees. We must be tireless, striking at them here, wounding them there; in short, we must be persistent, fearless and merciless if we wish to keep the invaders off Cuban soil."

A murmur of approval followed these words.

"Now, shouting amounts to nothing, comrades. Listen. I'm about to propose an enterprise."

Dead silence fell on everyone, for each man was anxious not to lose one syllable of what was said.

"An enterprise that cannot fail to win favor and fortune."

The mention of the latter word heightened the interest that was felt.

"Senors, a few days since that Yankee dog, Hobson—"

"He's a brave man!" shouted a voice.

"Who said that?" demanded Jose savagely, looking around for the daring speaker with the expression of a fiend on his face. "Who said it? Caramba! I tell you he's a dog—a Yankee dog. Well, this man Hobson has sunk a ship across the entrance to Santiago harbor."

"Which keeps the fleet in."

"Precisely, Sergeant."

"But they don't want to get out," said another man. "There's too many ships waiting for them."

"Bah! you know nothing," said Jose Castro, sneeringly. "Are Admiral Cervera's cruisers all the ships that Spain has?"

No one answered.

"I should think not!" said Jose, emphatically. "Across the sea now is coming a great squadron from Cadiz, commanded by Admiral Camara. This squadron will unite with Admiral Cervera's and sink every Yankee boat in these waters."

The men were frantic with excitement now. In their blind ignorance they believed every word that was said and looked upon the spy as an oracle.

"Now, it's pretty clear, comrades, that before Admiral Cervera can get out of here something must be done."

"The Merrimac must be blown up."

"Again correct, Sergeant. You always say the right thing. Yes, the American boat must be removed in some way, or our two squadrons won't be able to unite, and the Yankees under that coward, Sampson, will escape our vengeance."

The men now began to understand what Jose was driving at.

And this knowledge of the proposed enterprise quieted them wonderfully. They realized its dangers, and, although they had shouted loudly against the Americans, they were extremely anxious to keep out of reach of the enemy's guns.

Jose noticed this change and he allowed them no time for reflection.

"See here," he said, "this very night the work must be done."

"To-night?"

"Certainly. In the morning the Cadiz squadron will be off this port."

"Viva! Viva!" cried the poor, deluded creatures.

"So there's no time to lose, comrades."

"And how will this work be done?" asked the young sergeant.

"A proper question, Sergeant. A large stage is already prepared at the fort in the channel. This will be floated out to the wreck and from it the work will be done."

"Supposing the Yankees see us? They keep a very close watch."

"They won't. To-night will be as black as pitch."

"But, Jose Castro, you can't blow up a wreck from a floating raft or stage. Somebody must descend to the bottom to fix the explosives."

"That, too, is arranged. I have two divers here. Fortunately we had two diving equipments in the city, and they will place two mines that will shiver the wreck to atoms."

A young lieutenant stepped forward.

"Have you any authority for what you propose to do?" he asked. "If not, I can allow no man of mine to take part in the enterprise."

"Read this. It will enlighten you."

"Jose Castro," read the lieutenant from a paper which the spy handed him, "has full authority to do everything necessary for the purpose of removing the sunken Merrimac from the channel. He may take what material and men he requires."

"(Signed) PASCUAL CERVERA, Admiral."

The lieutenant bowed.

"I am quite satisfied, senor," he said.

"I've explained everything," continued the spy, "and I pledge my word that all is ready. The work will be carried out under my superintendence, and I guarantee its success. Now, who volunteers?"

"How many men do you want?"

"Twenty."

"You'll have a hard job to get them," muttered the sergeant, "and, caramba! you'll have to leave me out of the number."

"Who volunteers?" shouted Jose, loudly.

Dead silence. Not a man answered. In fact, they stood like statues, fearing that the least movement might be taken as a sign of assent.

"You cowards!" hissed the spy. "Ah! but you deserve to be killed by the Yankees."

"No, we're not all cowards!" cried a clear, ringing voice. "I offer myself as the first volunteer."

There was some commotion in the crowd, and as the speaker struggled to get to the front those near saw that an older man was trying to hold him back. But the young fellow, with a vigorous effort, fought off his would-be captor and, bursting through the throng, in a moment he stood near Jose Castro.

"A brave lad!" cried the latter, "and not a soldier either. That ought to shame you."



The volunteer was wearing the ordinary dress of a Cuban or Spaniard of the poorer class. He was little more than a boy, and had a handsome, intelligent face, but his features were almost hidden by his wide-brimmed sombrero, which he had pulled tightly down upon his head.

"No, senor," said the lad, "I am not a soldier, but I am a Spaniard. It may be that death awaits me, but what matter? Every patriot should know how to die for his country."

A wild shout arose, and in the enthusiasm caused by the boy's example and his noble words, Jose Castro had no difficulty in obtaining the nineteen other men in a very short space of time.

"At 11:30," he said, "boats will take you to the island, which we leave at 11:45 sharp. I rely on all of you."

"Arrah!" said a voice with a strong Irish accent, as its owner took the brave young volunteer by the arm. "Come wid me to a quiet place. It's a bone I'm afther pickin' wid yo', Young Glory."

The original volunteer was Young Glory himself!

## CHAPTER II.

### YOUNG GLORY AND DAN DALY—THE BOY'S DARING SCHEME.

It was Dan Daly who had asked Young Glory to go with him.

Both he and Young Glory were serving on the Vesuvius, which was taking an active part in the blockade of Santiago.

Dan was an Irishman of about middle age, brave as a lion and honest as the day. He was boatswain's mate aboard the Vesuvius, and Young Glory was a seaman on the same vessel.

Notwithstanding the difference in their ages and ranks the two were bosom friends, and Dan would have allowed himself to be cut in pieces to serve Young Glory, whom he simply worshipped.

Young Glory was only a boy, but he had done great work during the war between Spain and the United States.

When he entered the navy he was known as Jack Lee, but a very brilliant piece of work performed by him whilst serving on the battleship Indiana had gained for him the title of Young Glory.

By it he was universally known on sea and on land, and it is doubtful if more than a few people knew what his real name was.

These two daring men were being constantly employed in work of the most desperate nature, and it was on some such errand that they had come ashore at Santiago.

The Vesuvius, on which they were serving, was what is known as a dynamite cruiser, being the only ship of the kind afloat.

She was not of great size, but she made up for any smallness of dimension by the terrific power of her batteries.

Her length was 246 feet, her displacement 811 tons, and on her trial trip she had run more than 21 knots in an hour, thus solving all doubts as to her speed.

The peculiarity which had given her the name of a dynamite cruiser was due to the fact that her guns were constructed for the purpose of throwing immense shells loaded with dynamite.

She was able to hurl shells, each loaded with 500 pounds of dynamite or gelatine, a distance of two miles.

She carried three guns in the fore part of the ship, into which they were built, at an angle of 18 degrees from the horizontal, and each gun was 55 feet long, with a caliber of 15 inches.

Compressed air was the force which propelled the explosives, and so the tubes or cannon were called pneumatic guns.

Such is a slight sketch of the extraordinary vessel of war on which Young Glory and Dan Daly were serving.

"You wanted to speak to me, Dan," said Young Glory when they reached a spot to all appearances deserted.

"Faith, an' I did."

"Well, fire away."

"It's crazy ye are."

"I?"

"Shure. What did Captain Paul send us ashore for? Begorra, it was to get some news for him about the dagoes, wasn't it?"

"Partly."

"An' it's meself 'd like to know what else we had to do."

"Well, you see, Dan, the skipper gave us a certain amount of discretion—something you don't possess, Dan—and of course that meant that if any enterprise came in our way that could at all benefit the American cause we were to take it up at once. Now, do you understand?"

"I know that ye're foolish. By the powers! but why didn't ye let them Spaniards do their own work?"

"I had my reason."

"Faith, ye were the first to volunteer when that murtherin' villain Castro, bad luck to him, called for men."

"It surprised you?"

"Surprised! That's not the word, an' shure I don't know any word in me own language that is. I tried to hould ye back, but ye broke loose."

"Of course I did."

There was a silence.

"Is that all you have to say, Dan?"

"Yes, except one word. Let's get out of this as fast as we can."

"Impossible, at least for me. You can go."

"I?"

"Why, yes."

Dan stamped his foot on the ground.

"I'll not lave ye. I'm wid ye to the end."

"Ah! but you'll have to go. In fact, I want you to get out of this as soon as possible."

"I stay here," said Dan in the tone of a man whose mind is made up.

"It's my turn to talk now, Dan, and yours to listen, so pay attention. I had good reasons for volunteering to take part in this affair."

"Out wid them."

"The night is dark, and it appeared to me that it was



very likely that the Spaniards would be able to succeed in their attempt to remove the sunken Merrimac, or at any rate sufficient of it to give their ships a passage out of the harbor."

"That's likely enough."

"Yes, but it mustn't happen."

"Who can stop it?"

"I mean to try, anyway. That's what I'm going with Jose Castro for."

"To die."

"I hope not; but I'll take my chances."

"Ah! it's foolish ye are. What can ye be afther doin' to stop them?"

"A good deal, with your help."

Dan shrugged his shoulders.

"So it's poor, innocent Dan Daly ye're afther draggin' into this crazy business?"

"Not if you're afraid."

"Afraid!"

Dan blazed with wrath now.

"See here, Dan. I have a scheme, but in order to carry it out it's necessary that you should get back to the ship."

"The Vesuvius?"

"Of course."

"But how?"

"Walk if you can," laughed Young Glory, "or swim. Could you swim the distance?"

"Shure; for the ship's bound to be pretty close in here to-night. The skipper said he'd hang about on the lookout for us."

"Yes, you'll swim the distance easily enough, I've no doubt. There's only one danger that I see."

"An' I see none."

"Yes, Dan; supposing you're seen striking out from the rocks? The Spaniards will fire on you instantly."

"An' wouldn't hit me."

"Perhaps not; but they'd ruin my plan, all the same."

"It's puzzlin' me ye are."

"My plan would be ruined," continued Young Glory, "if you are seen. In order to carry it out the Spaniards mustn't have the least suspicion that there has been any communication between here and any of our ships."

"It can be managed."

"Yes; I think if you're careful you can get away without being seen. So that's settled."

"An' when do I start?"

"Right away."

"An' it's somethin' I'll have to tell the skipper, Young Glory, an', begorra, it's not a word I have to say to him."

"You'll tell him, Dan, what the Spaniards are doing. You'll say that between 11:30 and 12 o'clock to-night there will be a party over the sunken Merrimac trying to blow up the wreck."

"But, faith, what can he do?"

Fire at the place."

"In the dark? Why, it's not widin' a hundred yards the shells would come; begorra, quarter of a mile's more likely. It's so dark ye can't see your hand before you."

"Never mind. Tell Captain Paul what I say and in-

struct him to keep a good lookout in this direction. Have the guns loaded ready for instant firing when the signal's given."

"Ach! an' there'll be a signal?" said Dan, with a scornful laugh.

"Of course; I'm staying here to give it."

Dan saw that Young Glory was serious.

"You'll give a signal?" he asked, staring at the boy with wide-open mouth.

"Yes."

"What?"

"Red fire. When he sees a great glow of red he'll know that that's the spot where the Spaniards are at work."

"He'll know that," repeated Dan, mechanically. The Irishman was completely dazed.

Just as he was about to walk away he turned and spoke to Young Glory.

"It's not worth the sacrifice," he said.

"What sacrifice?"

"Your life, my lad. Shure, an' what good will it do?"

"It will help our forces."

"Sorra a bit. It's at work they'll be again the very next dark night."

"You bet they won't, Dan."

"How's that?"

"Because they'll be smashed. If things go as I expect the Merrimac will have to stay where she is till the war's over. The Spaniards have two diving dresses only in Santiago. With these destroyed, how can they get to work again?"

"I'm answered. Good-by, Young Glory, good-by; God bless ye, my lad."

The honest Irishman brushed his hands across his eyes as he walked away, for in his heart he felt he had seen his comrade for the last time.

"Poor old Dan," said Young Glory, looking after him. "If ever there was a true friend, Dan Daly's the man."

The boy watched his friend as long as he could see him in the darkness, and then he went back to the camp and, passing through it, he left the ammunition house on his right, crossed the parade ground and continued until he came to some high land above the fort.

It was so dark that at sea nothing was visible, and the boy was pleased with the outlook.

"Dan will get away," he muttered.

He stayed there for more than half an hour.

At length he was satisfied that Dan had swum off without being noticed, and then he went back to camp to wait until it was time to join the party that was going to the fort on the island.

### CHAPTER III.

#### ON THE RAFT OVER THE MERRIMAC—THE DYNAMITE SHELLS.

All was still in the city and the forts, and also on the sea.

Although a great squadron was collected outside the harbor, yet its presence would not have been suspected, for none of the ships displayed any lights.



Jose Castro was not at the pier from whence the party was to sail to reach the fort that stood in mid-channel. He was probably on the island. However, Young Glory was there.

The boy found himself joined by the nineteen men who had volunteered.

All their talk was of money, for the spy had promised that each man should be liberally rewarded, and to have the money was a treat for the poor Spaniards, who rarely saw any.

"I wish it was in my pockets now," said one soldier. "I've been paid by promises too long."

"Caramba! If you had it it would go to the bottom with you when we all drown."

"Stop that talk, Ruiz; you send a cold shiver down my back. Do you think we shall succeed?" asked the man, turning to Young Glory.

"Why not? What's to prevent you?"

"The Yankees may fire at us."

"In the dark?" laughed one of the soldiers. "Ha! ha! I'd stand on the raft for an hour and let them fire at me in the dark at a dollar a shot."

"We shall see," muttered Young Glory.

The distance from the mainland to the island fort was short, and when the volunteers reached it they found Jose Castro awaiting them.

As they stepped ashore he counted the party carefully. "My brave young volunteer," he said, slapping Young Glory on the back, "all of you shall be well paid, but you, my friend, double."

The boy bore Jose's keen look well, trusting to the darkness of the night and the Cuban costume he was wearing to shield him from discovery.

For he and Jose were old faces and knew each other well. Young Glory had contended against the spy in Cuba, in Spain, and in the Philippines.

However, Jose Castro was too much occupied in seeing to the details connected with the work to be able to bestow much attention on his volunteers.

The raft was a large structure, solidly put together and capable of sustaining a heavy weight.

On it were the great torpedoes that were to be placed in position by the divers.

The latter, too, were there, fully equipped in their dresses and not at all anxious, seemingly, about the dangerous work in which they would be engaged shortly.

A Spanish officer was casting his eye over everything.

"All is ready, senor," said Jose Castro.

"Then push off, my lads, and good luck go with you."

"Silence! Not a sound!" hissed the spy, quickly, thinking his men were about to give vent to their feelings by cheering.

"How shall we travel?" said Young Glory to himself, and whilst he was wondering Jose set several men to work with very long poles.

These they forced against the bottom, and in this manner the great raft was moved through the water without making any noise.

The boy was not employed in any way.

He and twelve other volunteers stood ready to render assistance if called upon, but at present there was no occasion for them to do so.

Slowly the craft proceeded, Jose meanwhile sitting near the divers, to whom he talked in a low voice.

He was probably giving them final instructions. Young Glory was looking anxiously out to sea, and he was listening intently to every sound that came from that quarter. But he saw no signs of the Vesuvius and he heard no noise from the vessel's engines.

"Yet Dan must have reached her," he said to himself. "If he hasn't and I give the signal what will happen?"

The boy determined to run the risk, and as the raft drew nearer the scene of the wreck he took up a position that seemed best suited for his purpose. He stationed himself in the forepart of the floating stage, because from this point his signal would be seen better.

"Are we there, senor?" asked one of the divers.

"I'll soon tell you," answered Jose Castro, quietly. "Stop work, men."

The soldiers at the poles ceased to propel the craft, and she was moving so slowly there was no way on her to carry her along. She came to a halt.

"We are over the ship," he said, a moment later.

"What part?"

"The bow."

"That is good, senor, for that is the part we are to work upon, I believe."

"Yes; Admiral Cervera wants the fort part of the ship removed. You think you can do it?"

The divers laughed scornfully.

"When the mines are exploded, Senor Castro," said one of them, "there will be nothing left on the bottom. The wreck will be in small pieces, floating on the surface."

"I trust you're right. Now go ahead."

"The stage must be secured."

"Right. I forgot that. Lower away those anchors, men!" shouted Jose.

Instantly two heavy anchors, fastened to the raft by thick chains, were lowered to the bottom, and the structure became a firm, immovable platform, from which to work.

Jose and some of his men busied themselves in seeing that the divers were properly equipped. Then two ladders with heavy weights attached were lowered from the raft.

By these the divers were to reach the bottom.

The air pipes were in order, so was the communicating cord. The two divers were waiting only the word to start.

"The time has come!" muttered Young Glory.

There was a look of stern determination on his face as he set to work.

Kneeling on the raft, he felt about with his hand until he had found a perfectly dry spot.

Then, taking a box from his pocket, he emptied the dark brown powder it contained onto the selected place.

At this moment Jose Castro happened to see him, and he must have noticed his movements.

"What are you doing?" he cried, quickly.

"Looking for something I've lost."



"Let it wait. Caramba! you're under my orders, youngster, and must do as I tell you. Come here, and step lively."

Young Glory said nothing.

It was a critical moment. He had to strike a match, and, though there was only a faint breeze, yet it might be sufficient to extinguish the flame of the match. One failure would ruin all, for the spy would at once understand what was on foot, and before the boy could strike another match he would be seized and rendered powerless.

"Come here, I say!" cried Jose Castro, angrily.

There was a sharp, faint sound, the noise of a match being struck on a piece of iron, and the sound was instantly followed by a tiny flame.

Young Glory at once put his hand around the lighted match to shield the burning wood from the wind, and as he did so he bent down quickly to apply it to the powder.

The spy sprang to his feet with a wild cry. Several of the soldiers, seeing him do so, followed his example, for they, too, had noticed the suspicious proceedings of the boy.

"Kill him!" shouted Jose, in a hoarse voice; "no firing, no noise; throw him overboard or run him through."

Quick as lightning the match was at the powder, and instantly it ignited.

In a moment, on the deck of the raft was a bright red light, and as the whole of the powder caught there arose an immense mass of flame, brilliantly red, and each instant growing more intense.

Jose Castro, amazed at first, was now almost panic-stricken.

But he did not forget the man who had betrayed him.

He rushed toward Young Glory, six-shooter in hand, followed by several soldiers.

"Who are you?" he cried, savagely.

"Bang!"

Young Glory fired at the spy for answer, and as Jose returned the shot it appeared that the bullet sent by the boy had not done much harm.

Then, without waiting an instant, Young Glory plunged headlong into the water, going seaward in his flight. The glare aroused the city and the forts.

Already in the latter the roll of the drums, beating "to arms" could be heard.

Lights flashed on the parapets of the fortresses and startled sentries hurried to and fro.

Suddenly there was an awful explosion.

Seemingly, no gun had been fired. There was no noise, no smoke, no flash.

The darkness of the night had not been illuminated, and only a faint sereech told that any object traveled through the air.

Yet, notwithstanding this strange silence, the Vesuvius had thrown one of her terrific shells filled with high explosives from her pneumatic guns.

The shock was tremendous.

It seemed as if the very rocks and forts shook.

A moment later another report was heard, for the cruiser had fired another shot.

It was not needed. The first had done its fearful work.

The shell, admirably fired, had struck the raft, and when it exploded it blew everything into fragments. Not only were the men swept off the deck of the raft, but the raft itself was shattered into fragments, and not a vestige of it remained. The water was covered with its wreckage.

The soldiers in the forts were startled so much that for a few minutes they were completely panic-stricken. Then, when they rallied somewhat, they began to fire their guns wildly toward the sea.

Young Glory was alive, and this was marvelous. He had expected the Vesuvius to fire, and so he had dashed into the water to avoid the shock and the fragments of the shell that would spread ruin and death around.

He remained below the surface until want of breath forced him to rise, and then he swam with all his strength toward the rocks at the harbor entrance.

A third shot was fired from the cruiser, and this, apparently, completed its work, for all was silent afterward. The boy turned around, and as the lights from the shore now flashed, he was able, by the beams they threw, to make out the scene of the attempted diving operations.

"All gone!" he cried, joyfully. "That's great work. Not a trace left."

"And you will follow, senor?" said a voice.

Looking ahead, he saw Jose Castro standing on a rock a few yards away.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### YOUNG GLORY IN SANTIAGO—MEETING AN OLD FRIEND AT THE HOSPITAL.

Jose Castro spoke again, but his words were drowned in the tremendous roar of artillery.

It seemed as if every gun in Santiago was being fired, as the Spaniards vainly tried to sink the Vesuvius.

Young Glory at once stopped, and at the same time the firing ceased.

"Come out of that," said the spy.

"I prefer to stay where I am," answered the boy, keeping himself afloat.

As he made this remark he turned as if to swim away.

"Stop!" cried Jose Castro, savagely, drawing his six-shooter, "or I'll put a bullet into you."

And he covered Young Glory with the weapon.

"Surrender, and I'll promise you a fair trial."

Young Glory knew what "fair trial" in Spanish minds meant, but he also realized that he was very much at the spy's mercy.

"Stand back, then," he said, quickly, "and I'll land."

To this Jose Castro had no objection, because he was aware that he could cover the lad with his pistol as soon as he came ashore.

"Very well," he cried, "and be quick."

The boy had by no means given up. He meant to make a fight for his life yet.

He swam leisurely enough toward the rock. Jose Castro



was standing on the very brink of the water. Young Glory was a few yards away.

Suddenly he made a terrific plunge through the sea toward the spy. The ledge of stone on which the latter was standing was scarcely above the level of the water.

The spy was taken completely by surprise.

Before he realized what was happening he found two strong arms around his ankles, and almost in a second he was tripped up and hurled backward heavily on the rock.

Like lightning Young Glory drew himself out of the water.

Before he could rush to the spy a party of Spanish soldiers made its appearance not far from him, and he threw himself down behind some rocks to avoid being seen. As it was, he was very much afraid he had been noticed.

However, the words of the Spaniards reassured him upon this point.

"Caramba!" said one of them, "this is pleasant work."

"Yes, we'll be smashed by one of those mysterious shells in a minute."

"The colonel must be crazy sending us here, as if the Americans would be likely to land."

"Who knows? They're bold enough for anything."

"That's been proved to-night."

"How?"

"Why, there was a traitor with Jose Castro's party on the raft."

"Is that proved?"

"Proof enough. Where did the red fire come from. Who lit the powder? Ah! you were asleep and know nothing of it."

"And not a man saved."

"Not one. And it's our consolation that the traitor, whoever he was, was blown to atoms same as the others."

"Look!"

At this moment the soldiers saw the spy.

Instantly several of them rushed to where he was lying.

"Jose Castro!" they cried in amazement.

"He's dead!" shouted one.

"But how did he get here?"

This was a complete puzzle, but presently one of the soldiers solved the mystery.

"The force of the explosion must have lifted him off the raft onto the rock," said the man, and his theory was accepted as conclusive.

All were startled by hearing a deep groan.

"He lives!" shouted one man, and bent over the prostrate form at once.

"Yes," he added, "Jose Castro's alive, and he's a wonder to be able to draw breath after what he has gone through."

"Jose Castro alive," muttered Young Glory with something of a shudder; "that makes things very awkward for me."

An examination of the spy showed that he was unconscious, and the particular injury which had brought him to his state was a deep wound in the back of the head. This, of course, he had received when Young Glory threw him backward.

A bugle sounded.

"That recalls us, lads," said the sergeant, "and no one's more pleased than I am."

"What's to be done with Jose Castro?"

"Bring him along, and move him as gently as possible. If he comes to his senses he may have a story to tell that will be worth listening to."

Young Glory, on seeing the backs of those men, gave a sigh of relief.

He waited until they were well away, then he started toward the camp, gliding from rock to rock and taking advantage of every hiding place.

He was still under Morro Fort, and here he stayed until past two o'clock, so that his clothes might dry, for it would cause suspicion if he was seen in garments that were dripping.

"If I'm seen at all, that is recognized," he said to himself, "it won't be pleasant, especially if Jose Castro comes to his senses."

However, when he did enter the camp, he passed unnoticed amongst the excited crowd there, and he saw with feelings of relief that there were a great number of men dressed as he was in the throng.

A feeling of terror pervaded the camp and the Spanish soldiers and the civilians talked in awe-stricken whispers of the deadly bombs that had come so silently into their midst.

Many of the boldest, who had constantly spoken of their coming easy triumph over the Yankees, were now ready to admit the possibility of defeat.

The boy's purpose was to leave the forts and army at once and get into the town. From Santiago he hoped yet to make his escape. From where he was it was almost impossible.

He mingled with the crowd that poured from the camp into Santiago. Most of the people going there were civilians, mainly Spaniards, who were anxious to put as great a distance as they could between themselves and the Vesuvius.

Young Glory saw that no one took any notice of him, and when he reached Santiago he felt that he was safe, comparatively speaking.

The day had long since come and the streets were alive with people.

The panic had not extended to the city, whose inhabitants showed by their demeanor they were light-hearted, although a moment's serious thought must have told them their city was sure to fall into the hands of the enemy.

They swaggered up and down shouting "Viva Espana!" and "Death to the Yankees!" with great delight.

"Poor creatures," said Young Glory to himself; "what fearful ignorance."

He purchased his breakfast at a restaurant on one of the principal streets and sat in the open under an awning to eat it.

The boy had made up his mind to get a change of clothes somehow. So long as he was dressed in the costume he was wearing he was always in danger of recognition. One of the officers who had superintended the fitting-out of Jose Castro's expedition might see him at any moment.



"I'll change my skin," said Young Glory, "even if I have to steal another."

Then a new source of danger occurred to him. The spy might recover!

Once restored to his senses, he would tell the authorities that Young Glory was responsible for the failure of the attempt to destroy the wreck of the Merrimac, and what was more to the point, that Young Glory was alive and in Santiago.

A bold idea occurred to him.

He had passed the military hospital to which, no doubt, the spy had been taken for treatment.

"I'll go and make a tender inquiry after the health of my dear friend, Jose Castro," he said with a laugh.

The porter on duty at the gate of the hospital was a surly fellow.

"Can you give me any news of Jose Castro?" asked Young Glory.

"Jose Castro! Don't know him."

"But I believe he was brought here this morning."

"Maybe. Say, you don't expect me to be a living directory, do you? Caramba! I don't know the names of all the chaps who come here to be carved up by the doctors."

"How shall I find out?"

"That's your business. Go through the yard, and ask one of the nurses if you see any of them."

The man slammed his door in Young Glory's face.

The boy followed his advice, however, and speedily reached the hospital.

"A Red Cross hospital," he said; "that's strange."

And as he made this reflection a young nurse made her appearance.

"Can you tell me if——"

He began this sentence.

"Young Glory!" cried the nurse in tones of astonishment, gazing at him.

"Listen! You must not utter my name here, and you won't if you're a friend."

"Don't you know me?"

"Kate King!" cried the boy in bewilderment, and he grasped her hands.

She drew back instantly.

"We must appear to be strangers," she said at once, with the ready wit of a woman.

"But how did you come here?"

"That is a long story, Young Glory, which I will tell you another time—if we ever meet again," she added in a sad tone of voice.

"Oh, we shall meet many times," cried the boy gaily; "why shouldn't we?"

"Why? Don't you know?"

"Know what?"

"Listen. Your life is in danger. Jose Castro has come back to his senses and has spoken. He has declared that you are in the city. Search parties are on the lookout for you now and a price of five thousand dollars has been set on your head. You are to be captured alive or dead."

"That is bad news," said Young Glory gravely.

"It couldn't be worse. Oh, what can be done?" cried the girl, wringing her hands.

"Will the spy recover?" said Young Glory gravely.

"Recover! Yes. In a day or so he will be well. His head is bandaged and there's very little the matter with him."

The girl turned pale as death.

"Look! Look!" she exclaimed. "He is coming this way now."

## CHAPTER V.

### THE HOSPITAL AMBULANCE—A HORSEMAN RIDES UP MADLY.

"I will dash across the yard and make my escape that way," said Young Glory.

"It is impossible. He would see you and recognize you instantly. Quick!" said the girl, throwing open a door. "Jump into this closet. It is your only chance and you must seize it."

In a moment the door was closed on Young Glory.

"Good morning, senorita," said Jose Castro; "you seem excited. No—excited is not the word—depressed or agitated rather."

Kate King looked at him scornfully and defiantly.

"Let me pass, senor; I have work to do."

"And very well your light fingers do it," he answered with a harsh laugh. "I have had proof of that myself, though I believe you would rather have choked me. Ha! ha! I saw, as I told you, that old friend of yours this morning."

The girl shuddered.

"I am even now on my way to the governor's. They can't fail to capture him with the information I can give them, but I mean to take Young Glory myself. Do you know why?"

"Your reasons don't interest me," said Kate King coldly.

"I want the five thousand dollars that are promised. Ah, what a great sight it will be, and you shall have a front seat, senorita. We won't hang him; we won't shoot him. He shall be garroted. What a great show! A front seat, a front seat, senorita. Ha! ha!"

And the wretch went away laughing loudly, leaving the girl overcome with terror. She reeled against a pillar and clung to it for support.

Kate King was deeply interested in Young Glory and he in her.

The boy had twice saved her, once from almost certain death on board ship, and secondly, when he had rescued her from a Spanish dungeon.

In return she had shot down a Spaniard who was about to slay Young Glory.

The girl was not more than sixteen and very beautiful. Her father was a wealthy New Yorker, who had as great an admiration for Young Glory as she had, and that is saying much.



The poor girl soon triumphed over her womanly weakness, for the knowledge of Young Glory's extreme peril was a powerful restorative.

"He's gone," she said softly, opening the door of the closet a few inches.

"I was on the point of jumping out and strangling him," said the boy in a hoarse voice. "What a wretch he is. Now I suppose I can get away safely."

"You can leave the hospital."

"That's enough."

"No, Young Glory, for you will be no better off. Your description is known. The closest search will be made for you, and if you are seen in the streets now you will be taken."

"I will leave the city."

"Every point is guarded."

"Then," said Young Glory gloomily, "I might as well confess myself beaten. I suppose I had better save time and surrender myself. Why, I shall make five thousand dollars if I do," he said with a bitter laugh.

"You shall do nothing of the sort," said Kate King, placing her hand on his arm to restrain him. "Wait here."

"Why?"

"Don't ask questions, but do as I tell you. Woman's wit may triumph yet. Who knows? I won't be long."

And, although her heart was breaking, she ran lightly down the corridor with a smiling face for anyone she might chance to meet.

The girl was as good as her word.

She was not away more than five minutes, and when she returned she carried a bundle, which she concealed as well as she could in the folds of her dress.

"This is for you," she said, giving the bundle to Young Glory.

"And what is it?"

"A complete change. It's the only thing I could think of. When you are dressed in the clothes I have brought you will look like a hospital attendant. Hide your other clothes in the back of the closet. Now, don't be long."

The girl returned to the hospital ward in which her work was, and after seeing that her various patients were quiet, she went back, and almost passed Young Glory without recognizing him, so greatly was he altered.

"Enter the last door on the right at the end of this corridor," said Kate King hastily. "Say you have been sent to the hospital by the governor and ask them to put you to work."

"They will discover the fraud."

"But not to-day. At any rate I don't think so."

"But when shall I see you again, Kate?" asked Young Glory.

"I am off duty in two hours. Meet me at the end of the garden under those trees."

The girl pointed through the window to indicate where she meant and then she hurried back to her work.

"A wonderful girl," said Young Glory to himself. "Wonderful! That's the only word that describes her. But why is she in Santiago nursing the Spaniards? That's more than I can understand."

When Young Glory entered the room to which he had been directed he found himself in the presence of a kind-looking, venerable lady, whose dress showed that she belonged to some religious order.

The boy bowed to her.

"Senora," he said, doubting if this was the correct way to address her, "I am sent here by the governor to work for you. Will you please tell me what to do?"

"Have you a letter?"

"No, senora, but his Excellency promised to forward it."

"Very well. You will go downstairs and assist in washing the linen. I hope to find you a sober and industrious man."

"I will do my best," answered Young Glory as he left the room.

"What next, I wonder?" he mused as he proceeded with his laundry work, which he did clumsily.

"Comrade," said the man who seemed to be in charge of the department, "carry those clothes to the end of the garden and hang them to dry."

"All?"

"Yes, the whole lot, and if you don't hang them better than you wash them they'll be a sight."

This suited Young Glory excellently, for it enabled him to meet Kate King without having to reach the spot designated by means of some excuse.

He was surprised to see how merry she looked. She seemed to be another girl entirely.

"Why don't you sit down, Young Glory? No one is likely to see us."

"But what is the matter with you?"

"Good news—good news, Young Glory. I think you will escape after all."

"Yes, maybe, but that means leaving you behind. But, Kate, are you here against your will?"

"Why, of course. I was captured by a Spanish gunboat, and they gave me a choice of nursing the wounded or being shut up in a dungeon. I chose work and liberty."

"And you were right."

"I know now that I was, for this has been the means of my meeting you again."

"Now, Kate, tell me your news. How am I to get out of the city? I want to return to my ship, the Vesuvius, without delay."

"This is how it is. An expedition is starting from the city to-night, the object of which is to dislodge some Cuban insurgents who have occupied a height overlooking the city."

"Well?"

"With this expedition goes an ambulance corps, certain nurses and hospital attendants. As soon as I heard of it I went to Sister Mercedes—that's the old lady you saw. She's a dear old thing and very fond of me."

"She's not the only one."

"Be serious," laughed Kate; "I have no time to listen to a list of my admirers."

"List! Why, there's only——"

"Two hundred, so the Spanish officers tell me."

"I'll wring their necks," cried the boy.



"Yours will be in the garrote if you don't listen."

"Go on, then. I'll be patient as a lamb."

"Sister Mercedes said I might be one of the nurses to go with the party, and when I wrote out the list of attendants I put your name in."

"You did this?" cried Young Glory admiringly.

"Of course. We won't start till dark, so we can get through the city without being recognized, most likely."

"Jose Castro may return to the hospital."

"Not till night. He's too busy looking for you while it's day. He's very likely to come back here to-night, for he will want to have the wound on his head dressed, and he will probably sleep in the hospital, but by that time you will have left, so don't be uneasy. Get up! Get up, quickly! There's Sister Mercedes walking down the path."

Young Glory sprang up and began to hang the clothes on the line, working his very hardest.

"You don't mind an old lady coming to disturb your solitude, do you, my dear?" said Sister Mercedes.

"Oh, no, madam."

"That young man works very well, my dear," said the old lady. "Don't you think he has a very nice face?"

Kate King blushed deeply, but the old lady was too busy in watching Young Glory to notice the tell-tale color on her cheeks. As for the boy, he almost exploded with laughter, and if he had caught Kate King's eye he would have made her laugh too.

He went back to the hospital, and keeping downstairs, was out of the way of all visitors who called during the day.

It was quite dark when the ambulance left the hospital.

A large van carried the nurses, the surgeons and the attendants, and as this wagon was covered, the boy and Kate King were quite at ease. Even if anyone looked into it, the gloom was so great that the lad was not likely to be recognized.

The soldiers forming the expedition were about half a mile ahead of the ambulance, which quickened its pace somewhat when it was beyond the walls of the city.

Far ahead an occasional report of a rifle was heard, as if the advance guard were exchanging shots with the insurgents.

When they came to a steep hill, Young Glory, together with the rest of the men, left the wagon, walking up the slope to relieve the mules.

Suddenly the sound of horses' hoofs were heard, and Young Glory, looking back, saw a man riding like a madman, urging the animal he rode up the fierce ascent.

## CHAPTER VI.

### YOUNG GLORY'S ESCAPE—KATE KING'S LIFE IS THREATENED.

"Halt!" shouted the rider in a loud voice.

The driver of the ambulance wagon had been on the point of doing so before the order was given, for he imagined the horseman was bearing a message of importance.

Now he stopped instantly.

Young Glory was walking by the side of the wagon.

"Seize that man!" shouted the rider, getting closer.

"Seize who?" muttered Young Glory. "He must mean me."

The doctors and the attendants were too startled to act for an instant or so, and not till a shot was fired did they recover themselves from the surprise into which they had been thrown.

Bang!

The horseman fired and the bullet went so near Young Glory that he had no doubt as to whom was the rider's mark.

Then, as he was about to fly, he thought of Kate King.

He rushed to the head of the wagon.

The girl had heard everything and was leaning out of the vehicle.

"Come!" cried Young Glory; "the spy is on our track. We can only save ourselves by flight."

But in an instant one of the nurses who was riding with Kate King clutched her around the neck, dragging her back into the wagon despite her struggles.

"Capture both!" cried the horseman.

"Why, it's Jose Castro," said one of the surgeons. "He's wearing the bandage around his head that I put there."

To rush straight ahead was to be followed and shot down. Young Glory saw this in a moment, so he hurried toward a steep bank, at the top of which thick brushwood grew.

Jose Castro had dismounted, and pistol in hand he was running toward the wagon.

"It's five thousand dollars if you catch him," he shouted. "That's Young Glory."

This news changed the attitude of the Spaniards instantly.

The two surgeons ran at the boy, followed by the servants, and as he climbed the bank one of the doctors was close at his heels.

Turning suddenly, he launched out with his foot and caught the medical man such a blow with it on the side of his head that the doctor gave a loud shriek and rolled rapidly down the bank into the road.

"He'll be doctoring himself for the next few weeks, I'm thinking," said Young Glory grimly.

The fall of the doctor had caused confusion. He had carried with him as he went down two men who were behind him, and Jose Castro, stumbling over their prostrate bodies, met with some delay. When he began to mount the bank Young Glory had plunged into the bushes and had disappeared.

The spy, furious at seeing his prey escape him, quite regardless of danger, dashed after the fugitive.

Young Glory waited a moment and then fired. The bullet broke a twig near Jose Castro's head. The spy stopped instantly, for he saw the great risk he ran in following the boy, whom he could not see.

At any moment a bullet might come and end his career.

No one knew better than the spy how difficult it was to track anyone in the wood, especially at night.



While he was debating what should be done one of the surgeons and two other men joined him.

"Well?" asked the surgeon.

"He's gone."

"Got clean away?"

"Yes."

"Let's follow him."

"Useless. You ought to know that. If we had enough men to surround the wood we might capture him, but what can four men do?"

"So we lose the five thousand dollars?"

"It's your own fault," roared Jose savagely. "If you'd been smart you might have held him when I first shouted to you. You fool!"

The surgeon's eyes blazed with passion.

"How dare you speak to me in this fashion!" he demanded, furiously. "I take no insults from any one, least of all from a spy."

"Bah!" laughed Jose; "you doctors think you're everybody because we can't do without you. But we won't quarrel. He's escaped us, and so far as he's concerned that's the end of it. Let us get down this bank and back to the wagon."

When they reached the road the first thing Jose saw was Kate King. Her face had an anxious look on it.

"I pistoled your lover," said Jose, with a grin.

"You killed Young Glory?"

"Of course. Ha! ha! you won't see your golden-haired boy any more. Ha! ha!"

"Senorita," said the doctor, with whom Jose had quarreled, "this man is a liar."

"Ha!"

"Yes, a liar. Whether you know the boy who was with us is not for me to say; but I want to tell you that so far as we are concerned, he got safely away."

"Thank you, senor, thank you."

Jose Castro was livid with passion, but he managed to preserve a calm appearance.

"Wait, my friend, wait," he said in the doctor's ear. "I'll give you a lesson."

"We'd better get on," was the surgeon's reply.

"Not yet."

"Why?"

"I have my reasons. You won't be kept here long. I'm waiting for some one, and, as I live, I can hear his horse's hoofs now. Hola! Pedro Hola! Hurry up, my friend!"

When Pedro made his appearance, to their utter surprise they all saw he was the man who kept the outer gate at the hospital. No one could imagine what brought him away from his post.

"Now to business," said Jose. "Kate King," he continued, sternly, "I accuse you of having assisted a spy to escape. Your answer."

"What spy?"

"Bah! as if you didn't know it was Young Glory! You hid him at the hospital, found him clothes to disguise himself and brought him along to-night so that he might make his escape."

"But how do you know all this?" asked the doctor.

"By keeping my eyes and ears open and asking questions. When I returned to the hospital to-night Sister Mercedes told me of the new attendant who had arrived there. This seemed suspicious, more especially as I knew this girl and the boy were old friends. I questioned the janitor and he gave me a description of the man, which tallied with my knowledge of Young Glory."

"It is true that Young Glory may have been at the hospital," retorted the surgeon, "but what proof have we that the Senorita King assisted him?"

"I have ample proof. She obtained a suit of clothes belonging to another attendant, and the boy's own clothes have been discovered in the closet where he left them."

"And that is all?"

"Yes, and enough, too. Many people have died for less than this."

"I won't argue that point with you. Now you've had your say, let's get on."

"When we're through."

"We've nothing to do here."

"Oh! haven't we? That's where you and I don't agree, Senor Doctor. Justice has to be done. The Senorita King has broken the law. But one course is open. She must die."

"Die!"

The surgeon gasped forth this word, and the other surgeon—he whom Young Glory had kicked—sat up and stared hard at the spy.

"Bah! what a fuss about a trifle. One shot, and it's all over. I'll put a bullet into her head."

Imagine, if you can, what Young Glory's thoughts were. He had crept back to the top of the bank and was listening to every word that was said.

The boy was horror-stricken. He knew that it was through saving him that Kate King had exposed herself to this fearful peril.

He was about to dash forth, regardless of consequences, when the doctor spoke, and his words stayed Young Glory for a while.

The surgeon had not forgotten the insult which Jose Castro had leveled at him.

"You are mad!" he shouted, springing between the spy and his victim. "Who gave you the power of life and death?"

"Stand aside," answered Jose, hotly. "You interfere with my work!"

"Your work! You brute! you dog! Senorita, you are an American and I am a Spaniard, but do not, because our two nations, alas! are at war, think that all Spaniards are as this man. I have a dear sister in Spain whom I may never meet more in this world. When I look at you I think of her, and because of that, and because, too, I hold myself to be a man, I stand between you and this ruffian."

Jose clutched the doctor by the shoulder and tried to hurl him away.

"Don't stand his nonsense, Jose," said Pedro, the janitor. "I'm with you. None of your Americans for me."

The doctor clung to the front wheel of the wagon, resisting with all his strength Jose's efforts to drag him away.



"Lend a hand, Pedro!" shouted Jose. "Tear him away while I do the work."

The janitor wanted no second bidding. He had a grudge against Kate King, which he was glad to have the chance of paying off on her.

But before he could accomplish anything the injured doctor raised himself from the ground.

"How dare you lay a finger on my colleague?" he said. "You, a servant of the hospital. This spy is nothing to you, for you are under my orders."

Pedro hung back now.

"As for you, Jose Castro, I shall bring your conduct before General Linares."

"Who'll laugh at you. Caramba! Doctors good as you, my good friend, grow on every bush, but there's only one Jose Castro, and the general knows it. Take care you don't get into trouble for aiding this woman."

"I can answer for anything I do. Put up your pistol."

Jose Castro did so sulkily.

"We shall join General Pando and his men to-morrow morning. When my story's told this woman won't have many minutes to live, and, after all, one more night on earth won't do any harm. Whip up your team and on with you. Pedro, you come along to give evidence."

And as the wagon started Jose Castro mounted his horse again and rode alongside it.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE BOY SEIZES A BOAT—SPANISH SOLDIERS ARRIVE AT THE CREEK.

Young Glory was stunned by all he had seen and heard. He realized that, so far as Kate King was concerned, death was only postponed for her and that she would fare badly when she was brought before General Pando.

There was no doubt that the general would find her guilty of having helped Young Glory to escape, and this would mean certain and probably instant death.

"After what I've done," muttered Young Glory, "it is death to any one who takes my part. But shall she die? No, not if I have to give myself up and take her place."

The boy was almost sorry now that he had not attacked the wagon, although the odds against him were so heavy.

He followed in its trail for a long time and found that it went down toward the sea, and so he knew that General Pando must be in that direction.

Then suddenly, to his amazement, he saw the general's camp. It was pitched on an open plain near some high trees that grew at the rear, and was within a mile of the ocean.

The boy boldly penetrated the camp, because he was in advance of the wagon and would readily be taken for a genuine hospital attendant until its arrival on the scene.

"Come to help in the cutting and carving, eh?" asked one of the soldiers.

"That's my work."

"Well, it won't commence yet."

"How's that?"

"The rebels have fallen back, my lad, and our general—"

"General Pando?"

"Of course; has gone back to Santiago."

"What, left the camp for good?"

"Bah! you're talking nonsense. He'll return to-night some time about midnight, I'm thinking, and then the fun will begin. We shall shoot down the rebels, and drive the Yankees into the sea."

"Hope you will, I'm sure, and that you won't have too many men killed in doing this fine work."

From hearing some officers talk, Young Glory found that the soldier was well informed. He also discovered to a certainty that General Pando would not be back before midnight of the following day.

"Thank goodness! Kate's safe till then," he exclaimed. "Twenty-four hours! Much may be done in that time. Now to get out of this camp again. If it's as easy as coming in, it won't give me much trouble."

The boy found that, as usual, the Spanish discipline was lax. Lines of sentries were posted around the camp, but they kept a bad look-out, and the boy, gliding softly through the bushes, passed readily between two outposts only thirty yards apart without disturbing either of the men.

As soon as it was safe to do so he hurried along, going toward the sea, finding his way with difficulty, owing to the darkness.

His object was to reach the Vesuvius, and to do this he required a boat. Swimming was out of the question, unless he had some idea where the cruiser was situated. At the present moment it was probably miles away, off Santiago.

Ahead of him he saw several strong batteries, and he could both see and hear soldiers in the fort.

He gave this structure a wide berth, and at length, finding that the beach and the country adjoining it appeared to be deserted, he went down to the water to investigate. Presently he came to a creek and, following this channel, in a few minutes he saw a hut with a light burning in it.

But what interested him most was that almost beneath the window of this hut a boat was floating on the water close to the bank.

The boy, delighted with this timely discovery, ran to the boat at once.

"Sold!" he muttered. "I did not bargain for this."

The owner of the boat was a very careful man. He had fastened his boat to a tree and, instead of using a painter, as generally happens, he had made the craft secure by tying it with a heavy chain. A strong padlock affixed to this chain and firmly locked gave additional security.

To break this chain was an impossibility. Only by cutting down the tree could the boat be freed.

The light burning in the hut showed that the place was occupied, and by listening intently Young Glory found that the occupant had not retired to rest. From time to time he walked across the floor of his wretched abode.

"This is a case for stratagem," said the lad to himself.



"To burst open the door and terrorize the man inside might do, but it's too risky. I'd be heard, in all probability, for no doubt there are plenty of soldiers near. Stratagem! Yes," he repeated, "that's the word, but, by Jingo! it's not easy."

However, Young Glory was not easily daunted.

He sat down and began to think.

Scarcely had he done so than an idea came into his head, the very simplicity of which amused him and caused him to laugh.

"We'll try it, anyway," said he, and creeping down to the tree to which the boat was tied, he carried his plan into operation without delay.

He rattled the chain, tugging violently at it, making the links clank and the boat wash against the landing stage.

"That ought to draw him out," muttered the boy. "If it doesn't, we'll try something else."

He waited patiently, but the owner of the hut did not make his appearance, but as his shadow showed that he had crossed to the door, Young Glory judged that he had heard the sounds and was listening again.

Accordingly Young Glory rattled the chain again.

This time the man threw open the door and ran out with a long knife in his hand.

He dashed across to the boat.

Young Glory had hidden himself behind the tree.

"Want to steal my boat, do they? Not if I know it. I'll stay here and keep guard," he said, as soon as he saw that his boat was safe. "But no," continued the man, talking to himself, "I can watch the boat from the hut if I leave the door open. I'll go there."

"So you shall."

With these words, Young Glory reached forward and grasped the man firmly by the back of the neck, holding him very tightly.

"Hurry up," said Young Glory; "you want to get to your hut, and that suits me."

"Who are you?"

"Wait; but do as I tell you, or I won't answer for the consequences."

Half-willingly, half-foreed, the man stumbled across the path to his hut.

Arrived there, Young Glory released him.

Then, like lightning, the man turned round and, knife in hand, was ready to spring on the boy.

"Stop that," cried Young Glory, "or you'll get this."

And he indicated his six-shooter, which he pointed at his assailant's head.

The man, completely scared, dropped his knife, and Young Glory picked it up.

"In safe custody now," he said, thrusting it into the wide red sash he was wearing.

"Sit down and talk. I want your boat."

Young Glory went straight to the point, for he had no time to lose. It would be morning soon, and if day came and found him afloat near the land, he would be an easy mark for the Spanish guns.

"No one takes my boat without my permission," growled

the man. "I don't know who you are and don't care. Spaniard and Cuban are one to me so long as I keep out of the fight and they leave me alone."

"You're in my power; so I take the boat."

"Do you?"

With that, before Young Glory was aware of what was about to happen, the man put his hand to his mouth and gave vent to a long and shrill cry, more like a shriek than anything else, and of such a nature that the sound would travel a great way.

"Ha! ha! my lad. That's more than you expected. That's going to bring the soldiers on you in double-quick time."

"I've a great mind to put a bullet in you," cried Young Glory, rushing at him. "Give me the key or I will."

"What key?"

"The key of the padlock on the chain. Out with it, or I'll shoot."

Young Glory thrust his hand into the man's pockets and dragged out a key, so impatient was he.

"Is this it?"

"Yes," answered the man, who was cowed by the proceedings.

"I don't trust you. Come with me. We'll go together and see if it fits the lock; and no shouting, mind. One cry and a bullet follows."

He dragged the man after him as he ran, and reached the boat in a few seconds.

To try the key was the work of a few more, and he was delighted to find it fitted.

Leaving the key in the lock, he hurried the man back to his hut.

"No time to tie him up. I've no rope, and to look for any would take too long. I'll shut him in his house."

The boy ran out of the hut, locking the door on the outside, and as he did so the man threw himself against it without avail.

Then, in an instant, he opened his window and began to shout at the top of his voice.

Young Glory had released the boat, but the search for the oars occupied two or three minutes, during which time the man kept up an incessant noise.

"Soldiers!" gasped Young Glory, hearing the heavy tramp of men as they ran down the hill toward the creek.

With the oars in his hand he jumped into the boat again and, putting them in the row-locks, he began to row without delay.

He had not got more than a few yards from the shore when he heard something hiss through the air, and a moment later a keen-bladed knife, coming point on, stuck upright in the stern seat of the boat.

The man in the hut had recovered his weapon and used it at once.

The soldiers had reached the hut now.

Young Glory could hear them talking.

"Have the Yankees landed?" said one man, with a burst of laughter.

"He wouldn't make more noise if they had."

"My boat's stolen."



"What's that to us? We're in no danger. That's all we trouble about."

"But the man who stole it may bring danger on you."

"How?"

"Suppose he should be a spy?"

"Bah! It's all a dream."

"Can't you hear the oars? That seems something like reality."

"Caramba! We'll have a look at him anyway. Come along, comrades."

And the soldiers ran down the path alongside the creek.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A DARING SWIM—ON BOARD THE VESUVIUS AGAIN.

Young Glory had abandoned all idea of getting away quietly. He knew he must be seen, and in haste alone lay his chance of escape.

He bent over his oars and by vigorous strokes made the boat fairly fly along.

However, he was bound to pass round the point to which the soldiers were going, and in this was his great danger.

As he left the creek and entered the sea he saw the soldiers plainly.

"Hold, there!" shouted one of the men.

Young Glory made no answer.

"Bring back that boat!"

Again he was silent.

"Give him a bullet," cried the sergeant.

One of the soldiers put his rifle to his shoulder and fired.

Bang!

That the bullet had not struck Young Glory was evident, for he went on rowing as hard as ever. The soldiers fired several shots. They were bad marksmen, but if they had been good ones instead they would have had little chance of hitting him. It was almost impossible to see him now, and by the faint sound of his oars they had to be guided in firing at him.

"We must give chase," cried the sergeant.

"Why?"

"Because the affair's very suspicious. It's certain that no Spaniard would be rowing out to sea toward the American ships."

"That's true."

"You see, lads, the general will hear of this and we shall have a hot time unless we're able to say that we did everything."

"But we can't chase him."

"We can swim," laughed another.

"Bah! Come to the fort—they have boats there."

The men rushed away, and five minutes later they were following Young Glory.

The latter knew well that they would overtake him. He saw in the darkness a large black object which appeared to be the hull of a ship.

Instantly he ceased rowing, and standing up in the boat, he hailed it, shouting as loud as possible.

But all his cries brought no answer from the vessel, nor did it show a signal.

"The wind's against me," muttered Young Glory; "that explains everything."

He could hear the soldiers getting nearer, and he knew that they would overpower him in a fight. To stay in the boat meant he would be overhauled; it was either death or, what was almost worse, capture by the Spaniards.

His decision was taken instantly.

He dropped over the boat into the sea, and then he began to swim immediately toward the vessel.

Careful observation had convinced him that the ship was at anchor, and he considered it probable it was an American craft. It might be a neutral ship; certainly it was not a Spaniard.

The boy's calculation was that though it would be easy for the Spaniards, when within a certain distance, to keep their eyes on the boat and follow it up, it would be vastly more difficult to detect the head of a swimmer in such darkness.

The pursuers were at the boat.

Young Glory could hear their shouts of rage when they discovered that the boat was empty.

To his amazement, they turned round almost immediately and rowed back to the shore.

Thinking it over, the boy came to the conclusion that they had decided that he had abandoned the boat and had gone back to land, and this is actually what they did think.

Undisturbed now, Young Glory went on his way, the only danger lying before him now being that the ship might sail away before he was seen.

As the distance lessened between himself and the ship his hopes rose.

"I'll hail them again," he muttered, and instantly did so.

That he had been heard was plain.

The boy could distinguish the sound of men hurrying to and fro on the deck, but not a light was shown.

This circumstance confirmed his idea that the vessel before him was an American man-of-war.

"What ho, there!" he shouted again. "Ship ahoy!"

"A voice from the sea!" came a cry from the ship.

"But where is he? It's so dark and we dare not throw on our searchlight."

"Over with a rope," cried Young Glory again, and this time his cry enabled the men on the ship to locate him.

In a few minutes he was safe and sound on the deck, none the worse for his swim.

"And what ship is this, my hearty?" asked Young Glory of one of the seamen.

"The Texas, Captain Starr."

The men and officers crowded around Young Glory wondering who he was. He gave them no information beyond saying that he belonged to the Vesuvius, not even telling them his name.

The dress he was wearing exposed him to suspicion, for he was clothed in the garments of an attendant in a Spanish military hospital.



"We shall soon know whether you really do belong to the Vesuvius," said an officer.

"How is that, sir?"

"Because we are sailing back to Santiago almost immediately, where the dynamite cruiser is, and you'll be sent aboard her."

He looked keenly at Young Glory to see if this proposition frightened him, but the boy was as calm as ever.

They did not make an actual prisoner of him. He was allowed his liberty, but he noticed that two or three marines kept very near him.

This made the boy laugh, for of course it did not worry him in the least degree.

When the Texas arrived off the harbor of Santiago, where Admiral Sampson's fleet was lying, it was already morning. The Vesuvius was at anchor, and the battleship sailed quite close to the dynamite cruiser, lying to near her.

A boat put off from the battleship.

Young Glory was on board, and with him was an officer who was to explain to Captain Paul, the commander of the cruiser, how the boy happened to reach the battleship and the story he told when he got there.

But a surprise was in store for this officer and the men who were with him.

The crew of the Vesuvius, seeing a boat approaching their ship from the Texas, having nothing to do, crowded the decks to watch its progress.

All at once a wild shout was heard.

"Young Glory! Young Glory! Our boy!"

The officer in the boat was astounded.

The seamen of the Vesuvius were waving their hats and shouting loudly, so noisily in fact that the rest of the fleet was wondering what had caused such a commotion.

Captain Paul himself was on deck. The cries had brought him from his room.

"So you are Young Glory," said the officer, turning to the boy.

"It seems they think so, sir," answered Young Glory with a smile.

The officer and the men stared at Young Glory in silence. The story of his daring feat in Santiago had spread around and he was looked upon more than ever as a hero.

Captain Paul welcomed him warmly. He even overlooked the breach of discipline that Dan Daly committed. The Irishman was so delighted to see his young comrade again that he rushed from the ranks and grasped the boy by both hands.

"Ah, it's alive ye are, Young Glory, an' it's meself was thinkin' ye'd come back dead."

"I want to speak to you, Young Glory," said Captain Paul; "come to my cabin at once."

The boy followed his skipper instantly.

"First, Young Glory," said the captain, "I want to tell you how much your gallant conduct has pleased me. Now give me details."

"Of what, sir?"

"The attack on Jose Castro's raft. Dan Daly came back that night; we saw the red fire you burned and we sent some shells at the spot. More than that we don't know."

"The shots were successful, sir. The raft was destroyed, so were the divers and every man there except Jose Castro."

"Ah, he lives?"

"Yes, sir, and is more dangerous than ever."

Then Young Glory told the captain of his subsequent adventures, detailing in full the part which Kate King had played in helping him to escape and of the deadly peril in which she was now lying.

"She must be saved!" cried Captain Paul, rising and pacing the cabin with an uneasy look. "She is a heroine if ever there was one, and it would be a lasting disgrace if we stand by and see her die. No, no, Young Glory, she shall be saved. There must be a way, and I'll find it."

Now this talk delighted the boy, for he had expected that obstacles would be thrown in his way. He gave the captain all the information in his power.

"How many men has General Pando with him?"

"About two thousand, sir."

"A large force. Can we rely on the Cubans to help us?"

"I am afraid not, sir. I think it would be impossible for us to reach them in time, for I heard in General Pando's camp that they had gone back to the hills till they were reinforced."

"Bad! Admiral Sampson can spare no men. He wants every man because he has to cover General Shafter's landing, which takes place to-day."

"But we have some men, sir."

"I can spare fifty. That's all. It's childish to send them against the Spaniards. All that would result would be the loss of the entire force."

"Perhaps Admiral Sampson would help, sir."

"That is impossible. The safety of General Shafter's army is his first consideration."

"Then Kate King must die."

Gloomily Young Glory pronounced these words, and the tone in which he spoke cut to the heart the kind captain.

"I want to go ashore, sir," said Young Glory. "Will you grant me leave?"

"For what purpose?"

"I must see Miss King again. I will try single-handed to save her. If I cannot I will die with her."

"You are a brave boy, but I cannot let you commit suicide. That would not benefit Miss King and would cause the loss of a hero of whom we are all proud."

"Then, sir, will you let me go ashore with the fifty men you spoke of?"

"Yes, on one condition, that you show me some prospect of doing some good with them and that these men volunteer."

"Thank you, sir. I will ask to speak to you in one hour."

## CHAPTER IX.

### YOUNG GLORY'S PLAN TO SAVE KATE KING—THE EXPEDITION LANDS.

Young Glory felt a little more hopeful after hearing the captain's last words, but he realized still that the difficulties in his way were immense.



He walked up and down near the bow of the vessel. Then, seeing Dan, he called him over, and the two sat down on a great coil of rope.

"Let's have a chat, Dan."

"Faith, it's meself that's wid ye. I'm wantin' to know what ye did after I left."

"That will have to wait. I can tell you that at any time. Just now I want to talk to you about Kate King."

"You saw her?"

"Yes, and she's likely to die. She's accused of helping me to escape, and I'm afraid the evidence against her will destroy her."

"You an' me can save her, Young Glory," said Dan with such an air of confidence that the boy was amused.

"We will do what we can, Dan, and I want you to help me with your advice."

After Dan understood the position of affairs he looked very grave.

"Two thousand men, ye say the giniral has wid him?"

"Not a doubt of it."

"Two against two thousand; big odds, Young Glory."

"Captain Paul will send fifty men; but what can we do with them?"

"We must think, lad, think."

"That's just what I have been doing since I left the captain's cabin, and I want you to tell me what you think of the plan I've found. Now listen, Dan. We must get the fifty men ashore without the landing being seen."

"That means waitin' till night."

"Yes; but it can't be helped. Once ashore, these men must get as near the Spanish camp as possible. They must hide themselves."

"An' then make a dash an' carry off the girl. It's great."

Young Glory laughed.

"Yes, it would be great, Dan, if it could be done in the simple way you imagine; but this isn't quite enough. First, we must find out in what part of the camp Kate King is."

"Begorra, but that's true! It's yoursilf's the boy for thinkin' of things."

"So one of us must get into the Spanish camp and in some way find out what is going on there. That's not easy, but I believe it can be managed."

"Pass on to the next point," said Dan, with a wave of his hand. "Shure, that little matter's settled, my lad."

"Very well. Now, we can't free Kate without the help of the Vesuvius."

Dan opened his eyes wide at this.

"But ye towld me the giniral's camp was half a mile from the sea."

"So it is."

"Arrah! but it's a great boat we are on the water, my lad; but it's mesilf's mighty doubtful how we'd travel across the land."

"Young Glory laughed loudly.

"See here, you're a bit off. The Vesuvius will do her work from sea, of course. But before she can do anything we must show her where the camp is, and then she'd drop some of those shells of hers into the place."

"We'll try the old dodge over again. It's the red fire we'll burn."

"No good."

"Why not?"

"Because of the distance away. I doubt if the ship would see the red fire, and if she did it would only be a glare that wouldn't enable her to locate the camp with any accuracy."

"But we must wait till morning."

"Well?"

"An' hang out a flag on a tree. Shure, when we fly the Stars and Stripes from a tree in the camp, there won't be any doubt."

"No, and to do it in broad daylight—out of the question. There are other objections, Dan. In the first place, General Pando will arrive at his camp at midnight—not later. He will try the girl instantly, in my opinion, and have her shot. In the second place, there is a strong battery on shore, and it would be running a fearful risk for the Vesuvius to get in close in broad daylight."

"Begorra! ye've knocked the plan to pieces."

"No; there is still a chance, and a word you let fall put an idea into my head. Instead of flying a flag from one of the trees in General Pando's camp, what's the matter with showing a lantern?"

"Hurroo! Now ye're talkin'. That's great. Go an' tell the skipper that at once, Young Glory, an', begorra! he'll give you a free hand."

"It's a desperate business, Dan. You and I know that; but you'll go through with it?"

"To the end," said the brave Irishman. "My hand on it, lad, my hand on it."

Captain Paul listened very attentively to the scheme that Young Glory proposed to him.

"I think," he said, "that it is the best that can be made of a bad business. But for my desire to save that brave girl, I would not allow a man of you to leave the ship."

"Luck may be with us, sir."

"I hope so, I'm sure, for the odds are against you. I shall keep a very sharp lookout for the signal. As soon as its seen the guns shall be fired. Ah! but the girl may be killed by them."

"I've thought of that, sir," said Young Glory, "but it can't be helped. If Kate King herself was told of what was proposed to be done she would agree to it in a moment, in spite of the risk."

"One thing has been forgotten. I offered fifty men on two conditions. The first is complied with, the second was that they must volunteer. I drive no man ashore on such work as this."

"You will ask them yourself, sir?"

"Yes."

"What does the ould man say?" asked Dan, eagerly. He had been waiting near the companion.

"All right. We are going ahead."

"Hurroo!"

The ship's company was paraded and Captain Paul addressed them.

"My lads," he said, "Young Glory, your messmate, owes his life to a brave American girl, Kate King. She is now in



General Pando's camp on shore, in danger of death for her share in the escape."

There was a murmur along the ranks. Those brave men had sympathetic hearts.

"A plan has been formed to save her. A desperate plan, indeed, and which probably means death for every one engaged in it. To-night, to carry out that plan, fifty men will go ashore. No one is compelled to go. Those who will volunteer, step forward out of the ranks."

The entire ship's company, moved by one impulse, bounded forward.

"What! all?" cried the captain, with a flush of natural pride on his face. "Brave men, indeed! Mr. Clinton," he said in an undertone to one of his lieutenants, "it is such men as these that make us invincible."

By lot the men were chosen.

But this method of selection did not apply to Young Glory and Dan Daly, both of whom went with the landing party as a matter of course.

Lieutenant Clinton claimed the command of the expedition, and it was given to him, whereby some murmuring was occasioned among the other officers, who thought they had been passed over.

When night came the Vesuvius ran up the coast for a distance of about five miles, which brought her almost exactly opposite the Spanish camp.

She was then about three miles from land, but at once her bow was headed for shore, and when she had got within one thousand yards of land two cutters were lowered and the expedition, under Lieutenant Clinton, was sent on its way.

Not a word was said. All orders had been given in the most explicit manner before starting, because the sound of voices travels far on the water, and it was desirable to use every precaution to keep the Spaniards in ignorance of the approach of the two cutters.

They pulled fully a mile up the shore so as to get away from the neighborhood of the creek from which Young Glory had made his escape on the preceding night.

The Vesuvius had gone out to sea again, where she would stay for another hour, so as not to attract attention. It would take time to reach General Pando's camp.

The two cutters grounded in the soft sand, and then men, still dumb, instead of springing from their boats, stole quietly out of them with a remarkable absence of noise.

Lieutenant Clinton was delighted with the discipline that was displayed.

He had told the men to act as if the success or failure of the expedition depended on the action of each individual seaman, and it was with pleasure he saw that they had realized what was meant and were bent on acting up to it.

The boats were dragged up the beach, being left under the shadow of the bluff.

Then Dan and Young Glory, being more familiar with the country, went ahead and returned presently with the report that for at least three hundred yards the way was clear.

The men reached a wood, when they had traveled the

distance indicated, and here it was decided that a halt should be made.

"The next step is dangerous, but important. It is absolutely necessary," said Lieutenant Clinton, "that we should know exactly where Miss King is located. To rush into the Spanish camp and search for her is not to be thought of. That could only result in a disaster."

"Leave that to Dan and me, sir," said Young Glory. "I will find out all that is necessary."

"You two will go alone?"

"I would like two of my messmates with me, sir."

"Very well. Take whom you please."

Young Glory made his selection in a moment.

"We wait here till we have news of you," said the lieutenant, "unless we're discovered and attacked. We must take our chance of that."

The four daring scouts proceeded on their way. Each step they took, bringing them nearer to the Spanish camp, increased their danger.

Many times they had to throw themselves down amid the bushes and lie there motionless to escape the vigilance of the patrols, who were marching to and fro.

But, although their advance was slow, they did progress, and half an hour after they had left Lieutenant Clinton they were so near the camp that they could see fires burning there.

Sentries were pacing backward and forward.

One was within a few yards of the four Americans.

"We must capture him, Dan," said Young Glory.

"Why not kill him?"

"That would not help us. I want him alive. The next time he comes this way we'll rush out and throw ourselves on him before he has time to shoot."

## CHAPTER X.

### MAKING A PRISONER—YOUNG GLORY IN GENERAL PANDO'S CAMP.

Dan Daly crawled forward, hiding himself in the long grass.

Then, as the sentry came near, he caught the man around the ankles and threw him over.

Young Glory, quick as lightning, sprang at the soldier, seized him by the arm and clapped his hand over his mouth.

"Silence!" he hissed. "Your life depends on it!"

The man was dragged along the ground into the brush-wood with great speed. The four Americans took their prisoner to some little distance from the camp.

"Now, attend to me," said Young Glory, sternly, speaking in Spanish. "You know you are in our power and that we can kill you."

The man had recovered himself somewhat now.

He laughed in a forced way.

"Yes; but you wait."

"Why?"

"Because, senor, the shout would be heard."



"Pshaw! We can steal a trick from you Spaniards and use a knife. Now, come, answer my questions truthfully and you shall not be killed. Has General Pando returned?"

"No, senor."

"Do you know when he will be back?"

"They say at midnight. He is in Santiago."

"Have you any prisoners in the camp?"

"One."

"Whom?"

"A girl—a young American girl, I believe. She's a spy and will be shot when the general returns."

"And where is she?"

"In the camp."

"So you said before," said Young Glory, sharply. "Go into particulars. I want to know the exact spot."

"You wish her to escape?"

"Never mind what I wish. Speak."

"I cannot act against my country."

"Look at this."

The boy showed him a long dagger.

"Senor," said the man, with a smile, "your argument is unanswerable. I only protested in order to satisfy my conscience."

"A Spaniard with a conscience, Dan! Ha! Ha!"

"Faith, we'll put him in a dime museum."

"Hurry up," said Young Glory; "where is she?"

"Senor, come a few yards with me, and I will show you."

"What's up?" asked Dan, seeing Young Glory rise.

"I'm going with this man."

"Look out for treachery."

"I'm prepared, Dan."

The sentry only led Young Glory about twenty feet, so that he might be able to see into the camp.

"You see that fire?" pointing to it.

"Yes."

"And the hut near?"

"Of course."

"Well, the girl is in there."

"Is that General Pando's headquarters?"

"No. The girl is alone in the hut. There are sentries placed outside, that is all."

"Very well," said Young Glory; "I've heard your talk and it seems to be true."

"It is, senor, I swear it."

"I hope so for your sake. If you have deceived me you will die. You are my prisoner and I intend to keep you."

"An', faith, what's to be done with the spalpeen?"

"He must be sent to Lieutenant Clinton, who will look after him. One man can take him there."

"I'll see he doesn't escape," said one of the seamen who came with Young Glory.

"Shoot him down if he makes the least attempt. But he won't, for he has no weapons. By the way, I want his coat and hat."

As soon as the soldier had taken off these articles Young Glory put them on.

"Tell Lieutenant Clinton," said the boy, "that we have ascertained where Miss King is. It would be policy for

him to move close to the Spanish camp now, but, of course, that is for him to decide."

"I'll tell him what you say."

"You can also let him know that I'm just about to enter the Spanish camp."

"What!" shouted Dan.

"Silence, Dan, or we'll have the enemy on us. I'm just about to enter the camp."

"I will tell him."

The man and his prisoner moved off.

"They don't fit very well," said the boy, alluding to his clothes; "but they must do. Anyway, I'll take my chances."

"An' ye're really goin'?"

"Of course. That's what I came for. Who is to give the signal to the Vesuvius if I don't?"

"An' what shall I do?"

"Stay here, Dan, and watch me. You see those trees?"

"Shure."

"Well, that's where I'm bound for. Directly I reach them and start to climb you hurry back to let the lieutenant know. I shall show the signal as soon as ever I reach the top of the tree and the Vesuvius will put in its work at once, so the lieutenant must be on hand to do his part."

"Och! but this is a bad business. It's dead men we'll all be."

"Would you let Kate King die?"

"No, no, we must fight for her, shure, an' it's ashamed I am for sayin' what I did."

Dan pressed Young Glory's hand and the boy, without waiting an instant, left his friends and proceeded on his dangerous mission.

The trees to which he was bound were situated at some distance from the hut which was Kate King's prison.

There was some high ground above them, which terminated abruptly above the level of the land on which the camp had been formed.

The Spaniards had neglected to guard this spot, partly because they considered the nature of the ground was its own defence, and also because it was between them and Santiago, and it was not likely an attack would be made on that side.

Therefore it occurred to Young Glory that his wisest plan was to enter the camp at this spot.

He made a wide circuit, and avoiding the lines of sentries, he had no difficulty in getting to the place.

From it he had a good view of the camp, and saw that General Pando's force was quite as numerous as he had reckoned it to be.

The men were all under arms, which led Young Glory to believe that an immediate movement toward the Cubans would be made as soon as their leader returned.

However, this did not interest him.

He examined the descent before him and speedily saw that he would have no difficulty in reaching the foot of the tree, and at once he set to work.

As he descended he clung to creeping plants and protruding roots, and his only danger was lest he should suddenly lose his hold.

In that case he would fall heavily to the bottom, and the



noise caused by his sudden descent would bring the Spaniards on the scene.

However, this did not happen. He reached the lower level without accident.

The lantern he had with him he now slung on his back, and taking a firm hold of the trunk he began to climb up the tree.

"What was that?" he said to himself, suddenly stopping and looking around; "I believe I heard some one move."

But he could see nothing, and as the suspicious sound did not return, he went on his way.

Arrived at that part of the tree from which the branches jutted out, he rested. All was still in the immediate vicinity below, and again he resumed his work.

His task was comparatively easy now.

He was able to lift himself from branch to branch without difficulty, stopping from time to time, not because he was tired, but only to make observations.

The camp was far below him now.

He could see the hut in which Kate King was a prisoner. It stood out boldly in the glare of the great fire, and his heart leaped when he saw a white face at the window.

"Poor girl!" he muttered; "perhaps she thinks she is abandoned to her fate."

Now he went to the top of the tree without delay. Fortunately the night was clear, and looking seaward, he was able to make out the ocean. This was a great relief to him, for up to then he did not know if it would be possible for the Vesuvius to see the signal he was about to display.

His doubts were settled by what he saw.

"Dan must have had time to bring up Lieutenant Clinton," he said, "so I'll get to work without delay."

Then an alarming incident occurred.

With a crash, the lantern slipping from his back, fell to the ground, bounding with a great noise from branch to branch in its descent.

The cord which had held it had been worn against the branches as he was climbing up the tree, and it snapped just as he was about to begin operations.

The lad was aghast.

He saw not only failure but death.

His means of showing the signal were gone, and consequently Captain Paul would not have the faintest idea of the location of the camp.

In addition, the noise caused by the fall of the lantern would bring soldiers to the tree and nothing could save him from being discovered.

So he was lost, and Kate King, too. What an end for the expedition upon which he had started with such high hopes.

He heard the Spaniards running to the tree.

Of course they had discovered the lantern, and the murmur of voices which reached him from below assured him they were discussing the matter.

All at once an idea struck him.

He had with him, around his waist, many coils of hemp strands thickly saturated with an inflammable material. These he was in the habit of carrying for use in emergen-

cies. Twisted together, they would make an excellent torch, and many times he had used them for this purpose.

He set to work to coil them together now, but desisted from the task because a better plan occurred to him.

He would twist them loosely along one of the branches, and in this way they would burn quicker and emit a more brilliant flame.

The work was partly done when he heard suspicious sounds from below, and this made him discontinue.

He listened attentively for a few minutes.

Then a thrill of horror passed over him. He recognized the sounds now and had no doubt what was taking place.

The Spaniards knew some one was up the tree, and they were sawing through the trunk at the foot.

## CHAPTER XI.

### LIGHTING THE SIGNAL FIRE—RESCUE OF KATE KING.

Young Glory knew what this meant.

The tree was of slender girth and would soon be cut through, and then, of course, it would fall, carrying him with it.

In spite of this he resolved to brave death.

Besides, he was in no better position, as a moment's reflection showed him, if he descended. Then he would be a prisoner to the Spaniards.

"I may as well die one way as another," he said to himself, and went on with his work, regardless of the ominous sounds that came to him.

With great dexterity he twisted the hemp around the limb of the tree.

"That's finished," he exclaimed. "Now for the light."

The first match he struck went out.

"Caramba!" came a voice from below; "work, you lazy seoundrels, work, I say, or I'll have you flogged. Down with the tree."

There was need of the utmost speed. If the tree fell before the hemp was lighted not only would Young Glory be killed, but there would be no way of signaling to the Vesuvius.

Young Glory saw this and lit another match.

Bang!

Now they were firing at him.

The trunk was being cut through too slowly to suit the Spaniards and they wished to kill him more quickly.

Bang!

Another shot came, but Young Glory was so covered by the thick leaves that the man who was firing could not see him. It was merely guess work on his part.

As the echoes of the last shot died away the hemp burst into a flame.

For a moment the saw ceased its work. The Spaniards were astonished. They had not expected this. Then a wild shout arose.

"Kill him! Kill him! It is a signal!"

"Yes, and a good signal too," muttered Young Glory, as



the flame leaped up to the sky, making a bright glare in the darkness.

Some of the adjoining branches caught and the tree itself was aflame.

"Will Captain Paul understand what it means?" mused Young Glory. "It's not the lantern he expected to see. I must trust to luck."

The Spaniards were endeavoring to topple over the tree now, and it was swaying beneath their efforts.

"It's falling" they shouted.

Boom! Crash!

The sound that followed cannot be conveyed in words. It was awful.

A great dynamite shell from the Vesuvius had been thrown into the camp, bursting in the midst of the soldiers and doing frightful damage as its fragments flew in all directions.

Then, as the sound died away and nothing was heard but the shrieks of the dying and the terrified cries of the living, the tree to which Young Glory clung fell with a crash.

Boom!

Another shell burst, and instantly another followed. The panic was frightful.

Several hundred men lay stretched on the ground, most of them mutilated beyond recognition, and the survivors were rushing to and fro.

Then, with a loud cheer, Lieutenant Clinton's gallant band dashed into the camp.

The lieutenant, waving his sword, was at the head of his men, and they were running hard toward the hut which had been pointed out as Kate King's prison.

Young Glory was alive.

The tree had fallen, but not to the ground. The adjacent trees had caught it in their branches, and the boy was absolutely unhurt.

Now he went down to the ground with cat-like activity.

As he reached the bottom a man rose in front of him. It was Jose Castro, the spy, as Young Glory saw by the light of a fire.

"Out of my way," he said madly, springing on the spy and hurling him to the ground.

He did not wait a moment, disregarding the bullets that the spy sent after him, and he too hurried to the hut.

A fierce fight was going on there.

The men on guard were less scared than their comrades by the bursting of the shells because they had not suffered. They knew there was no danger that another shell would come near them. The presence of the Americans was sufficient guarantee of this.

Hastily reinforced, the Spaniards fought desperately.

Dan Daly was in the thick of the fight, laying about him bravely with his cutlass.

"Ye killed Young Glory," he shouted. "Here's one for him."

And he launched a terrific blow at a Spaniard's head.

"But I'm alive, Dan," cried the boy, as he sailed right into the fight.

"Begorra, thin, it's one for meself!" cried the Irishman.

Young Glory pistoled two Spaniards who stood in his way, and with a wild leap he passed through their ranks and knocked at the hut.

Then, with his sword, he smashed the window to atoms, frame and all, rightly thinking the door would be locked and that it would take some little time to force it open.

"Come!" he cried.

"Who calls me?"

"Young Glory. Quick, Kate, quick!"

"You! you!" she cried. "Then I'm saved!"

Her confidence in him was so great that, although the position was almost as desperate as ever, she thought that all danger had passed.

Standing on a chair, she climbed hastily through the window, assisted by the boy, cutting herself, but only slightly, with some of the broken glass.

"The girl! The girl!" cried a Spaniard. "She is escaping."

Two Spaniards ran at Young Glory and Kate King and two more of the enemy were at their heels.

Young Glory passed his six-shooter to the girl.

"Use this," he cried; "I know you can."

Bang!

The brave girl put a bullet into the nearest Spaniard, and as his comrade sprang at Young Glory the latter stepped aside, and then, turning quickly, he struck the man such a fearful blow on the neck with his cutlass that he almost severed his head from the body.

"I've a little more of the same medicine left," he shouted.

His blood was up now and he was fighting like a tiger. The knowledge of the treatment Kate King had experienced had enraged him to boiling heat.

Lieutenant Clinton had reached the two young folks, having cut down most of the enemy. Those who had escaped owed their safety to their heels, for they had run away.

"Retreat, men!" shouted the lieutenant. "Our object is attained. Let us get away."

The men, seeing the girl in their midst, cheered frantically, for these brave fellows, although they had volunteered most readily, had never expected to succeed in their desperate undertaking.

The Spanish camp had been deserted for several minutes, for the soldiers had run away from the shells.

Now they began to return, and as they were coming back three horsemen, riding at a terrific pace, galloped into their midst.

It was General Pando and two of his aids.

In a moment he was made acquainted with what had happened.

"After them!" he cried hotly. "Not more than fifty men! Bah! It will be an eternal disgrace if they escape us."

"General," said an officer, "you did not see the shells burst."

"I know you have acted like cowards," he roared. "Show now that you can be brave men."

His words acted like magic and instantly more than



two hundred soldiers started in pursuit of the gallant band from the Vesuvius.

They went fast enough at first, but it was not long before they slowed down, for it occurred to their leaders that the Americans might have the support of a larger force than that which had taken part in the attack on the camp.

In fact they were sure of this, never dreaming that fifty men only would be so bold.

The result was that Lieutenant Clinton made rapid progress toward the shore with his party.

He wished to reach there with all speed so that he might get on board the cutters and push off. To do so under Spanish fire would result in a heavy loss.

Suddenly Young Glory ran up to him.

"Sir."

"Yes, Young Glory."

"Do you hear nothing, sir?"

"I can hear the waves bursting on the beach."

"Ah! I hear more. Between us and the sea are Spanish soldiers. I am sure of it."

The lieutenant was aghast.

"But it cannot be true," he said; "we have traveled faster than our pursuers. They cannot have cut off our retreat."

"Then they must have come from the fort near the water, for I am positive I heard them marching."

"In that case our position is desperate. We cannot reach the boats."

Dan Daly had heard the beginning of this talk and then he had disappeared. Now he came hurrying up.

"The boy's right," he said.

"That you, Dan?"

"Yes, sorr. The lad's right. The dagoes, bad luck to 'em, are right ahead."

"You have seen them, Dan?"

"Faith, it was meself did that."

"How many?"

"Two or three hundred, maybe."

"Then we must get to the hills. We cannot reach the shore."

Young Glory was fearful of Kate King's fate and he resolved to save her if possible.

"Sir."

"Well."

"It seems to me that amongst those rocks we could hold out against ten times our number for a long while; don't you think so, sir?"

"Yes, but they would overpower us in the end."

"Assistance might come."

"No one knows our danger, or can know it."

"That's not sure. Sir," he added in a low tone of voice, "do you think our position desperate?"

"I think," said the lieutenant in a whisper, "that we are all dead men."

"Then Kate King dies too. Now, sir, I will try to save her at least."

"How?"

"Two of us may get through the Spanish lines. It is possible for two to pass unnoticed where fifty would be

seen. With your leave, sir, I will make the attempt, although it looks as if I were abandoning my comrades."

"Young Glory, you are acting for the best. Go, and may you succeed."

"Hold out to the end, sir. Who knows what may happen?" adding to himself, "I may save them as well as the girl."

## CHAPTER XII.

### YOUNG GLORY SAVES KATE KING—THE DYNAMITE CRUISER AT WORK.

"Where are we going?" asked Kate King.

"To the Vesuvius. Our ship is cruising off the coast, and we must try to reach it."

"I feel very guilty," said the girl suddenly.

"Why?"

Young Glory was startled by Kate King's remark.

"Because through me fifty brave men will die. Oh, you needn't shake your head, Young Glory; I heard what Lieutenant Clinton said, and I know that they are all doomed."

"We shall save them yet."

The two young people were hurriedly crawling through the woods on the way to the beach, moving very cautiously so as to escape the Spaniards in front of them.

It was a difficult matter to reach the beach, but having arrived there an unwelcome surprise awaited Young Glory and the girl.

The two cutters in which the men of the Vesuvius had landed were in the possession of a body of Spanish soldiers.

Young Glory knew now how it was that part of the garrison at the fort had marched forward so as to intercept Lieutenant Clinton's retreat. They had discovered the abandoned cutters under the bluff, and so knew that some of the enemy must have landed.

"How about getting away now?" asked Kate King, seeing the state of affairs.

"Things don't look so rosy, that's true, Kate, but don't despair. I wish I could see the Vesuvius."

"Why?"

"Because I'd swim out to her."

"Swim!"

"Yes, that's only a trifle. Ah! but I forgot. That means leaving you behind. I can't do that."

"But you must," cried the girl; "you men seem to think only of my safety."

"Because it's our duty to do so. Ha! I have it."

"What?"

"Take a good look at me, Kate. What do you make of me?"

"Oh," laughed the girl, "I've seen homelier-looking boys than you."

"Thanks; but it wasn't about my features I was curious. It was my dress. Do I look like a Spaniard or an American?"



"Spaniard!" cried the girl quickly. "Why, I never noticed that before."

"Which shows how little you must have thought of me. So I look like a Spaniard. That's the very thing. I fancy I have a plan which will enable both of us to get away."

"How?"

"I'm going to draw all those soldiers away from the boats."

"You'll go with them?"

"Yes, but I shall come back again."

"And what must I do?"

"Hide behind these rocks and take good care not to be seen."

"That's easy enough. But can't I do something to help you, Young Glory?" asked the girl in a disappointed tone of voice.

"Presently—not now. Keep your ears open, and when I whistle come to me at once."

Seeing the girl safely secreted behind two gigantic rocks, Young Glory ascended the bluff and plunged into the brushwood again.

He went about a couple of hundred yards and then, turning, he ran toward the Spaniards who were standing near the cutters.

They saw him coming.

Many of them put their rifles to their shoulders, others half drew their swords.

"Comrades!" cried Young Glory in very good Spanish, "come with me. The captain wants you to help him polish off those Yankees."

"Viva! Viva Espana!"

Full of enthusiasm, without an instant's hesitation, they dashed off after Young Glory, running as they imagined in obedience to an order of their captain.

Young Glory increased his lead.

He wished to get out of view of the Spaniards, and in this he succeeded.

Drawing aside, he dived into the bushes, and had the satisfaction to see the soldiers pass him without any suspicion that he was not still in front of them.

Then, without waiting, he doubled back to the beach, this time going direct to the cutters.

Instantly he whistled shrilly.

At once Kate King made her appearance, hurrying toward the two boats.

"Young Glory," she said in a low tone, for in the darkness it was hard to distinguish him.

"Yes, here I am. Now, come and help me."

"To do what?"

"We must try to float one of these cutters, and do it quickly before those soldiers return."

"Can we?"

"We don't know till we try. We'll take the smaller of the two, and as the beach has a rapid fall toward the water, I don't see why we shouldn't. You understand what to do?"

"Yes, and I'll do my best."

The girl went bravely to her task, and as she was a strong and athletic girl, she was of the utmost assistance to Young Glory.

"Bravo!" cried the boy. "We've moved it already. Wait till I give the word, Kate, and then both together. Now!"

The effort was a success, and the boat glided rapidly down the beach. Young Glory knew that the danger was not over.

He could hear the Spaniards returning.

"Into the boat, Kate," he cried quickly. "It's afloat now. You get in and I'll push off into deeper water."

Kate King was on board in a moment and the boy forced the cutter through the waves. When the latter were above his waist he jumped on board and seized the oars.

As he rowed the Spaniards came on.

The first thing they discovered was that one of the cutters was gone.

A minute or two later they saw it was on the water, and at once they rushed down to the water's edge.

"Keep out of sight, Kate," said Young Glory quickly. "They'll be shooting without delay."

The girl crouched down at the bottom of the boat and the bullets passed over her head. Young Glory was not hit, though he knew that his escape must have been a narrow one.

By this time he was fully three hundred yards from land and was rowing easily, for the tide was helping him along.

Bang! Bang!

A second volley was fired and several bullets hit the cutter.

"There's no reason why I should make a target of myself," muttered the boy.

"Oh, do keep out of danger," cried Kate King.

"That's just what I'm about to do."

And he, too, disappeared beneath the shelter of the boat's sides.

"Do you think they will capture us?"

"No, Kate."

"They may give chase with the other boat."

"By jingo! I never thought of that. You are right. That's exactly what they will do, and one pair of oars won't do much against a boatload of people."

Regardless now of Spanish bullets, the boy sat up and began to row. He had no choice in the matter, for if he ceased to work and allowed the boat to drift the other would soon overhaul him.

Kate begged him to avoid danger. Then, seeing that he insisted on rowing, she jumped up and seized an oar.

"Take an oar, Young Glory, instead of those sculls. We shall get along faster if we both row."

The brave girl dared death truly now, for as the Spanish boat came toward the fugitives from time to time shots were fired which were likely to have proved fatal.

Then the firing ceased.

The reason was clear, for they had heard the Spanish officer shouting to his men.

"No more firing," he said; "we have them easily, and, Caramba! they'll be worth more alive than dead."

"I will never be taken alive," said Kate King firmly. "I will throw myself into the sea."



Young Glory said nothing. He was terribly anxious, for death for both seemed near.

Boom!

Suddenly the sound of a cannon was heard and a shell came hissing along, falling on the water some distance from the fugitives.

"The batteries opening fire!" cried the boy. "This is getting hotter than ever."

Boom!

Another shot came.

Young Glory sprang up excitedly.

"Kate! Kate!" he cried; "we're saved."

"How?"

"That's not the Spanish battery firing. It's my own ship, the Vesuvius. She's using her three-pounder guns. Hurrah!"

The boy waved his hat and shouted at the top of his voice, and as he did so he thought he detected an answering cheer in the distance, and almost immediately afterward he saw a dark hull creeping up.

"The Vesuvius!" he cried gaily.

The cruiser was not using its pneumatic guns, but by dint of working her small three-pounders she forced the second cutter back on the beach, and the Spaniards, scared to death by the hot fire, sprang from the boat and in wild disorder they rushed up the beach to find shelter amid the trees. The two young people rowed up to the cruiser and were at once taken aboard.

What a cheer was raised when the gallant tars saw Kate King, and as Young Glory was by her side it was clear that he had been the means of freeing her.

The echoes of the cheer had scarcely died away when the Spanish batteries on shore opened fire.

They had turned on a weak searchlight, by which they had made out the Vesuvius. The cruiser, acting with extreme daring, was within eight hundred yards of the shore.

Young Glory made his report to Captain Paul instantly.

"We must save those brave fellows," he said. "To work, lads, to work. Smash the shore batteries first."

"Hurrah!"

With a will the sailors rushed to the great guns. The ship was turned bow on to the shore. This was essential, for the pneumatic guns were in the fore part of the vessel, to which they were firmly fixed.

Young Glory was standing near the captain, who questioned him closely as to the exact position of the batteries and the forces of Lieutenant Clinton and the Spanish general, respectively.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### DESTROYING THE SPANISH BATTERIES—YOUNG GLORY MEETS JOSE CASTRO.

The Spanish batteries were very busy. Many of their shells passed over the Vesuvius and some fell in the water near the ship, but the cruiser, although so near the shore, had no thought of retiring.

Captain Paul bore in mind the extreme peril of Lieu-

tenant Clinton and his men, and he resolved to save them if possible.

Young Glory knew the exact position of the batteries. As the Spaniards were using smokeless powder it was not easy to locate their guns from the cruiser.

But the boy's information on this point was exact.

"Let me handle one of the guns, sir," he said to the captain; "I think I can score a hit."

"Go and try, Young Glory. We must put that battery out of action, and speedily, if we are to save our lads."

The tubes or guns of the Vesuvius extended a distance of fifty-five feet from muzzle to end down to the hold of the ship.

There the ammunition and breech and loading machinery were situated, and also the compressed air appliance for firing the shell.

"Young Glory came to show us the way," cried one young sailor who worked at the guns to one of his messmates, in rather envious tones.

"Well, why shouldn't he?" answered the other cheerily.

"No reason at all. Why, we're all glad to see him," said the other bitterly. "He teaches us all our duties. He knows everything."

"Wait a bit, my lad," said Young Glory to himself; "I think I shall show you something that will astonish you."

At the base of the gun—at the breech, in fact—there was a revolving chamber, quite after the manner in which the cartridges of a Colt's revolver are carried, and this carrier was manipulated by hydraulic pressure.

The carrier held six torpedoes, or shells, and Young Glory saw that each shell was properly in position.

Very formidable engines of death these shells were, for they were seven feet long and were each filled with three hundred pounds of gun-cotton.

The rear end of the shell was fitted with wings or fans to preserve its horizontality during its time of flight.

The breach was closed.

"Now, my lads!" cried Young Glory.

Instantly the compressed air was allowed to enter the firing chamber, and Young Glory stood at the valve to manipulate the pressure of air.

The gun being immovable, it was only by regulating the air pressure that an effective range could be secured.

There was none of the excitement attendant on the firing of heavy guns on a battleship.

Not a sound was heard, there was no flame, no smoke, but as the pressure was increased the torpedo gradually moved, until, rapidly increasing in force, it flew out of the gun at a high velocity.

"Too far!" came the cry from deck.

"A great gunner," cried the sailor who had sneered before.

Young Glory bit his lips but said nothing.

The hydraulic machinery turned the carrier and another shell was admitted into the firing chamber. The boy applied less air now.

Again the shell was sent forth on its mission.

Boom!

The roar that followed, heard even at the distance of eight hundred yards, was terrific.



A wild cheer rose from the men on deck.

"A hit!" shouted one man.

"The batteries have gone," cried another.

The captain gave an instant order to the officer under him.

"Cease firing!" was shouted.

Then the boatswain's call was heard passed through the ship by his mates.

"All hands to lower the boats."

There was a rush for the deck.

"I thought I should show you something," said Young Glory, laughingly, as he passed the seaman who had jeered at him.

Captain Paul gave orders that every man who could be spared from the actual working of the ship and its engines should go ashore in the boats.

"You have to rescue your comrades," he cried; "and I know you will do it."

"Hurrah!" shouted the men loudly as they swarmed over the side into the cutters.

Lieutenant Grant was in command.

The boats proceeded rapidly, meeting with not the slightest opposition.

In fact the Spaniards never showed themselves.

The battery was utterly wrecked. The great shell sent from the gun fired by Young Glory fell right into it, and bursting, it had blown the place to pieces, killing every man there.

The dynamite cruiser had never shown more conclusively its wonderful destructive power.

Arrived at the beach, the sailors rushed from their boats, dragging them up out of the reach of the waves.

"You know where you left Lieutenant Clinton, Young Glory?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you had better take us there. We must go cautiously and make no noise."

"Excuse me, sir, but that means going very slowly."

"It can't be helped."

"I think, sir, we should make a clean dash for it. Our men must be desperately hard pressed and every minute counts."

"That's true. Yes, we will go forward."

Through the woods the men went at a double.

As they got further from the shore they could hear the sounds of firing, and soon they could distinguish the cries of the fighters.

"Our men still live," cried Lieutenant Grant as some words uttered in English reached his ears. "Forward, lads!" he added, waving his sword; "we will cut our way through or die!"

The men burst forth from the woods, falling impetuously on the Spanish rear.

The enemy was concentrating its fire on Lieutenant Clinton and his gallant force.

The American soldiers had retired to a small bottom piece of ground almost surrounded by huge rocks, which formed a natural fort.

From this place these fifty men held at bay more than six times their number.

"We're coming, Dan!" cried Young Glory, cutting right and left with his sword.

"Hurroo! That's the lad! That's Young Glory himself!" shouted Dan Daly delightedly.

"At them, lads," cried Lieutenant Clinton, leaping across the rocky barrier as he spoke.

His men, resolved to deal hardly with the enemy, rushed after him, and in a moment the astonished Spaniards found themselves between two fires. They were literally amazed.

They knew nothing of the destruction of the fort, for none of the men there had survived to tell the story. Even now the Spaniards were in superior numbers, and they tried for a few minutes to withstand the attack that was being made on them.

Their officers exhorted them to stand their ground. But Spaniards do not excel in hand-to-hand fights.

Behind a wall or hidden amid the trees, fighting as bushwhackers, they can exhibit remarkable courage, for they feel they are comparatively safe.

But the flash of the cold steel in their eyes and the smoke of a rifle or a pistol at close quarters unnerves them utterly, and after a short fight they began to give way.

Young Glory was distinguishing himself bravely. He rushed hither and thither dealing death in every blow, yet seemingly having no definite aim in what he was doing.

Yet he had. He was seeking for Jose Castro. He was hoping that the spy might be amongst the men who had taken part in the attack on Lieutenant Clinton, and he thought this was likely, for he had seen the spy in General Pando's camp.

The boy's hatred for this man had increased, for his treatment of Kate King had greatly incensed Young Glory and he longed to cross swords with his old enemy.

By this time the Spaniards were retreating, trying still to maintain some kind of order and discipline. Many of the Americans were eagerly rushing after the foe.

But the recall was sounded instantly.

The officers rushed round hastily enforcing the order to retreat.

"Arrah! but it's a hard life a sailor has," exclaimed Dan Daly. "It's every bit of enjoyment they're after denyin' us."

"What do you call that?" laughed a seaman as Dan, running, pitched headlong into a pit grown over with bushes covered with sharp, piercing thorns.

They pulled Dan out, torn and bleeding, quite satisfied to be silent, for a time, at any rate.

Young Glory had been one of the most eager to follow up the Spaniards.

He had run after a man that seemed to him to bear a remarkable likeness to the spy, and he continued after him quite regardless of Lieutenant Clinton's orders.

In fact in his excitement he had not heard them.

He soon lost sight of the Spaniard, and then realized that he had run far away from his comrades, who, no doubt, were getting back to the boats.

Then, suddenly, he heard someone near him, and looking ahead, he was astounded. Jose Castro himself was before him.



He covered Young Glory with his six-shooter.

"You are my prisoner," said the spy; "come with me."

Quick as thought Young Glory hurled his sword at the spy, and as he did so Jose Castro fired.

Bang!

His aim being disturbed, the shot did no damage, and as Young Glory was drawing his six-shooter he saw that the spy was blinded with blood, which was flowing down his face from a deep wound in his forehead.

"He'll carry that mark to his death," muttered Young Glory, "which won't be long in coming, either."

The cutlass, thrown so hurriedly, had saved Young Glory by hitting Jose Castro on the forehead, where it made a deep wound.

As Young Glory advanced toward the Spaniard the latter retreated hurriedly in order to save himself. Young Glory might have fired at him and have wounded him fatally, but he wanted to capture him alive, and this he thought was an easy matter now.

All at once the tables were turned.

Two Spanish soldiers, breathless with running, burst through the bushes and stood between Young Glory and the spy.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### YOUNG GLORY IN DANGER—A NEW SCHEME.

"You must surrender now," cried Jose Castro triumphantly.

Young Glory laughed scornfully.

"Seize that man!" shouted the spy.

The two soldiers hesitated.

"Don't you know who it is?" roared Jose Castro, mad with rage. "That is Young Glory."

The eyes of the two Spaniards glittered. They saw a chance of winning fame and fortune for themselves.

So, together, they rushed at the young hero.

Bang!

Young Glory shot one, who fell badly wounded. The other, more fortunate, had jumped at Young Glory, and the latter, overthrown by the suddenness of the attack, was borne to the earth.

There the two enemies struggled.

Jose Castro was trying to stop the flow of blood from his forehead, and for a moment he did not see what had happened.

When he did his joy was extreme.

"At last!" he cried. "Don't hurt him. We shall make a prisoner of him now."

"Never!" shouted Young Glory defiantly. "Never!"

The boy was working with desperate energy to get within reach of his pistol, which had rolled from his hand, and the soldier was trying to prevent this.

Jose, holding a handkerchief to his face, ran toward Young Glory.

"Don't let him get his pistol," cried the spy.

"Caramba!" answered the soldier hotly, "but I think I'm doing my best. Why not lend a hand yourself, senor?"

"Because he will be too late," shouted Young Glory. Saying which he laid his hand on his pistol, placed it at the soldier's head and pulled the trigger.

No report followed.

The boy was aghast.

He tried again, with a similar result.

A burst of mocking laughter came from the spy.

"Ha! ha!" he cried; "empty pistols don't hurt much, Young Glory."

"But loaded ones do, bedad!"

And as these words were uttered a well-known figure sprang from the bushes close to the two men who were still struggling. It was Dan Daly. Quick as lightning the boatswain's mate put his six-shooter close to the Spanish soldier's head, and pulling the trigger without a moment's hesitation, he blew out the fellow's brains.

Instantly Jose Castro turned to fly.

"After him, Dan," shouted Young Glory; "that's a prize worth having."

But Jose had disappeared in the trees, and Dan, who only pursued him a few yards, came back to say he had escaped.

"What a pity, Dan. That was Jose Castro."

"Faith, it's his own luck he has, an' that's a fact. Shure, we'll niver kill the spalpeen."

"But he nearly killed me. Thanks, Dan, for saving my life."

"An' it's throwin' it away ye'll be if ye're not mighty quick in gettin' away. Lieutenant Clinton's down near the shore, an' if I hadn't missed ye, Young Glory, I'd be there myself by this time. It's a great day we've had."

Young Glory and Dan were fortunately able to rejoin their comrades without falling in with any of the enemy.

"You've been in the war, too, Dan," said Young Glory, alluding to Dan's scratched face and torn clothes.

"Shure, they say it's afther makin' me look more beautiful. It's the handsome lieutenant himself's jealous of Dan Daly now."

"Ha! ha!"

Turning, the two sailors saw Lieutenant Clinton himself at their elbow.

Dan's complexion, which Cuban suns had rendered the color of a beet, prevented his blushes from being seen.

"Never mind, Dan," said the lieutenant good-naturedly, "I'm not angry. Besides, it's well to have two handsome men on the Vesuvius," he added, laughingly.

"An' for why, sorr?"

"Suppose there was only one, and he was killed. Now, my lads, to the boats, and push off. We've come out of this fight well, but if we stay here the tables may easily be turned on us."

The cutters were pushed off in a few minutes, the men seizing the oars and rowing vigorously.

Then the Spanish soldiers rushed on to the beach.

They had no field pieces with them, so there was no danger of either the boats being sunk, but the enemy commenced to pour in a withering fire with their Mauser rifles.



Such of the seamen and marines as were not rowing at once replied. Many of the Spaniards fell and a number of the sailors were hit. In fact, they sustained more casualties now than during the hot hand-to-hand fighting on shore.

This was annoying.

The Vesuvius was still four hundred yards away, and it was hopeless to expect to get out of range of the Spanish rifles.

Suddenly there was a roar that seemed to shake the earth.

The dynamite cruiser was at work again.

She sent in two shells, one each from two of her big guns. The first shell fell in the water. The second pitched on the land, falling on the beach within ten yards of the Spanish soldiers, where it burst with a frightful report.

In a minute there was not a Spaniard on the beach except those who lay dead and dying there.

To make matters sure the Vesuvius sent two more shells after the flying Spaniards, and the cutters reached the cruiser without receiving another shot.

"A complete victory, sir," said Lieutenant Clinton.

"You have done nobly, Mr. Clinton," replied Captain Paul, grasping him heartily by the hand. "The admiral shall hear of your conduct."

Kate King showed her appreciation of the gallant conduct of the men by coming forward and thanking them, shaking hands with many.

In a practical way, too, she gave proof of her gratitude by acting as nurse to the wounded and doing her utmost to relieve their sufferings.

The Vesuvius went back to Santiago, and at once Captain Paul was rowed to the flagship, where he made a report of what had occurred.

General Shafter's landing, it was learned, had been made in safety, and Admiral Sampson's fleet resumed its work of waiting and watching outside the harbor of Santiago to prevent the Spanish squadron from making its escape.

The following evening Captain Paul and Lieutenant Clinton were pacing to and fro on the quarter deck talking over the situation.

"Here we have to stay, Mr. Clinton," said the captain, "until General Shafter is in Santiago, or, at any rate, until he has invested it."

"But why can't we do something, sir?"

"What?"

"Batter Morro Castle to pieces. There's no reason why that shouldn't be done."

"Our guns could do it without doubt, but there is a very good reason."

"May I ask what, sir?"

"Yes; it's no secret. They were saying on the admiral's ship that they dare not fire on the Morro because the Spaniards had made it the place of imprisonment for Lieutenant Hobson and his gallant comrades."

"What, sir?"

"That is the story."

"But it seems incredible, sir. They would never act in such a monstrous way."

"They are Spaniards, Mr. Clinton. You know what that means."

"That they are brutes. But perhaps it is only a rumor. The story may not be true."

"It is believed on the flagship. However, it's not certain, and I should like much to know whether it is true."

"Of course that is impossible."

"Quite."

The two officers walked away, both going below, and a young seaman, who had stood by, was then joined by another. It was Young Glory and Dan Daly again.

"How should you like to go to Santiago again?" asked the boy.

"Faith, it's no great fancy I have for it, an', spakin' my own private opinion, I'd rather not."

"Then I shall have to go alone."

Dan gave a great jump.

"Shure the lad's gone crazy. It's no business ye have in Santiago."

Young Glory then told Dan that while the captain and Lieutenant Clinton were talking he was so near that he was able to hear every word that was said.

"Begorra, it's scoundrels they are, an' there's no mistake about that. But, afther all, what can ye do if ye go to the city? If the poor fellows are in the Morro, shure they'll have to stay there. You couldn't get them out, Young Glory, I'm thinkin'."

"I don't intend to try. I only want to find out if they are there. Supposing they shouldn't be? You know what follows?"

"Troth, an' I don't."

"We shall blow the Morro to pieces."

## CHAPTER XV.

### YOUNG GLORY'S PROPOSAL—ON SHORE AGAIN.

"That's great!" cried Dan; "I'm wid ye. But ye haven't told me, lad, how we're to get ashore. It's not aisy."

"We must find out a way, Dan."

"Let's swim ashore."

"When?"

"At night. Shure, if the Vesuvius goes near land we can do it, an' they won't see us."

"I'm afraid they may have men posted along the rocks under the Morro and near the forts. I don't like it."

"Begorra, if ye don't like my plans, find another."

"I have one."

"Out wid it."

"This is it, Dan: The Vesuvius can put us ashore, say five or six miles away from here. That won't be a difficult matter. There we can enter Santiago from the land side. We shall find plenty of people going in the gates and we shall manage to do it."

"We'll try, anyway. An', faith, it's meself that wants to be startin'. Come on."

Young Glory laughed at his friend's eagerness.

"There's a little matter to be settled," he said, with a



"We have to get the captain's permission. I don't command the ship."

"It's lively times ye'd give us if ye did. Look alive, lad, an' see the skipper."

"I'll take the first chance I find to have a word with him."

Young Glory, after a little thought, decided that the best thing he could do would be to go to Captain Paul without delay.

Saluting his commander, he asked to be allowed to speak to him.

"Very well, Young Glory," answered the skipper. "I suppose you have some complaints to make."

"No, sir, and if I had I should not trouble you with them. I have a confession to make."

The captain smiled. He was a man as well as a commander, and he had not failed to notice the attachment that existed between Kate King and his brave young hero.

"Want to rob me of my fair passenger?" he said laughingly.

"No, no, sir," answered Young Glory in some confusion. "It was not with reference to Miss King I wished to speak. I want to tell you that I heard the talk that took place between yourself, sir, and Lieutenant Clinton."

"And if you did, it was no crime. We were not discussing secrets or we shouldn't have chosen the deck for the purpose."

"Now, sir, you were wondering if Lieutenant Hobson and his brave men were in the Morro."

"That is so, and I should very much like to know the truth."

"It can be found out."

Captain Paul stared at him in amazement.

"Found out! How?"

"I will go ashore and make enquiries."

"You!"

The captain was astounded. Young Glory spoke in a calm, easy way, as if he was talking merely of performing some ordinary action.

"Yes, sir. I am quite ready."

"But they will kill you."

"I have run greater risks and have always come out on top, sir."

"That can't go on always. You will have bad luck some day."

"I will take my chance, sir."

"No, no," said the captain, as if speaking to himself; "I dare not. No one would approve of such a proceeding."

"Some one does, sir," said Young Glory, "and, what is more, he wants to go with me."

"Who?"

"Dan Daly, the boatswain's mate."

"What men! What men!" muttered the captain. Then, looking up quickly, and speaking with decision, he said: "Very well, go if you please. That is," he added, "if you'll tell me how to get you ashore. I can't land here."

"That's what I told Dan, sir."

"Did he want to do so?"

"Yes; he proposed to swim ashore; but I wouldn't run such a risk."

"What was your plan?"

"That you should put us ashore in a boat five or six miles from here at night, and that we should make our way into Santiago from the land."

"You may do that, certainly, but unless you go to the Morro itself you'll find out nothing reliable. The Spaniards in Santiago will say all kinds of things and you'll not be any wiser."

"I shall go to the Morro, sir."

"And how will you get back to the ship again?"

"Swim."

"We may not be near."

"I will take my chance of finding some boat or ship close to the shore."

"Very well, do your best, Young Glory. Of this be certain, that I shall be on hand to-morrow night, and if you and Dan Daly manage to get away I'll try and pick you up."

The boy was delighted. He went and told Dan of his success, and presently the rumor of what was going to happen reached Kate King's ears.

She begged Young Glory not to go, but he was deaf to all her entreaties.

That same night the adventurous pair were safely landed to the east of Santiago, about seven miles from that city.

The boat that put them ashore went away without being fired on, and so Young Glory and Dan concluded that they had not been observed.

The boy had spent so much time on land that the country was familiar to him, and even at night he had no difficulty in making his way through the high hills which lay between him and Santiago.

Young Glory wore a Cuban dress, and so did Dan, but they had adopted a further disguise. It was only a few days before that they had been in the city, and unless they changed their appearance they ran a great risk of being recognized.

The boy's fair hair was entirely hidden by the great sombrero he wore, and he had a heavy mustache, which made him look many years older.

Dan wore the same kind of costume, and in addition a long, bushy beard.

"Shure, it's all right so long as some one doesn't give a tug at it."

"Don't let them. Keep your eyes about you, Dan."

"Begorra, an' I will. There's a hut ahead of us."

"Well, we will keep away from it."

"Troth, an' we won't."

"Why not?"

"Because it's a fancy I have for eatin'."

"And drinking?"

"I'll not be denyin' it. It's only a human bein' I am. Shure, there's no risk. It's some poor Cuban lives there."

"Very well. We have a few hours to spare, and may as well sit down, anyway."

One rap at the door was sufficient to arouse the inmate.

He opened the door quickly, and after a keen glance at his visitors bade them enter.

"I was afraid it was Spanish soldiers," he said.

"You don't love them?" said Young Glory quickly.



"For a very good reason. They come here and eat a man out of house and home and never pay a peseta."

"Then you will like us," laughed Young Glory. "We are only poor men, but we always pay for what we eat. We shall be glad, senor, if you could provide us with supper."

"Such as I have is yours."

Bread, fruit and wine was all that was set before the two sailors, but they did justice to it. Young Glory noticed that the host watched them both and that he paid particular attention to Dan Daly.

"What is your business in Santiago?" he asked Young Glory.

"To see General Linares."

"For what purpose?"

"To fight."

"To fight! You, a Cuban!"

"And why not? As between Cubans and Spaniards, I'm a Cuban always; but when Americans come here, I take the side of the Spaniards."

"Will you carry a letter from me to Captain Pavia?"

"Who is he?"

"My brother."

"I will do it with pleasure."

The two seamen spent a couple of hours in the hut, and when they rose to go their host handed them the letter.

"Take him aside, Dan," whispered Young Glory; "talk about something for a minute or two."

While Dan did this Young Glory tore open the letter that had been written.

"The bearer and his companion are American spies," it said, "unless I'm very much mistaken."

"No, you're not mistaken!" cried Young Glory loudly, making a spring at the man, pistol in hand. He covered him with his six-shooter.

"Senor, senor!" gasped the host.

"Seize that man," shouted Young Glory, "and bind him up securely, Dan. He's a traitor and tried to send us to our death."

Dan threw the man on the floor in an instant, and seizing a rope, passed it around the fellow's body, binding his arms to his side and then tying his legs together.

"Faith, it's a pretty job I've made of it," said the Irishman. "Get out of that if ye can."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### CONCLUSION.

"We'll leave him here."

"Is it safe?"

"Yes, if he's gagged. Then we'll hurry on."

This programme was carried out.

The man was placed in a barn some little distance from his hut, and the house itself was shut up, so that if any visitors arrived they would naturally think that the owner was absent.

Then Young Glory and Dan pressed on to Santiago.

There was a large crowd of people around the gates waiting to enter the town, and every person who did so was examined and questioned by the officer in command.

Young Glory took upon himself to do the answering.

"And so you want to fight for Spain?" said the officer, giving Young Glory a sharp look.

"Yes, Senor Capitan."

"That's very well, but you may have been sent here by General Garcia as spies."

"There's an easy answer to that, Capitan," said Young Glory coolly.

The officer was surprised at his assurance.

"And may I ask what it is, my young friend?" he said.

"Once here, senor," said Young Glory, "and in your service as soldiers, how could we get away again?"

"That's very true," the officer remarked after a few moments' hesitation. "You and your comrade shall be sent to the general."

General Linares was satisfied with Dan Daly and Young Glory. He forwarded them to the officer commanding the shore batteries.

"All goes well, Dan," said Young Glory; "we shall not be far from the Morro."

Their destination was the camp under the walls of Morro Castle. They had, of course, been there before, and now they were to go through some drills and to receive instruction in the use of the Mauser rifle and the handling of big guns.

The officer in command of the recruits objected strongly to Dan's beard and told him he must shave it off before the day was out. This was bad news, for obedience to this order meant probable discovery. The spy, Jose Castro, had been in the camp during the morning. He might be there again at night, and if he saw Dan recognition would take place instantly.

However, Dan must obey, and his beard disappeared in an incredibly short time.

All this while Young Glory was trying hard to get some news of Lieutenant Hobson and his comrades. He heard one story from one man and one from another. Some said that the lieutenant was in the Morro, and others said he was in Santiago itself.

"Captain Paul was right," muttered Young Glory; "to find out I must get in the Morro itself."

"Dan," said Young Glory about eight o'clock.

"Well."

"I'm going into the Morro."

"When?"

"Now—to-night. I won't wait. Jose Castro will certainly find us out."

"An' how will ye do it?"

"Come with me and see. The discipline's not of the best, and I reckon we'll get through."

"I'm wid ye."

The two recruits, as they were called, strolled up to the principal entrance of the fort. A number of soldiers were lying about on the ground smoking cigarettes and abusing the Yankees, two occupations of which they never tired.

They took no notice of either Dan or Young Glory, who sat down inside in a wide corridor, strongly built, and half-



armed with rifles. Here a man was sitting who seemed to be on duty.

Dan, in obedience to Young Glory's instructions, entered into talk with him, and the boy listened without any light being thrown on the subject of Lieutenant Hobson's place of confinement.

"If you want to find out," laughed the man, "if you want to see them, enquire of Colonel Cortez, the commander of the fort. He'll be delighted to tell you everything. The second room to the right," he added sarcastically.

"By jingo!" muttered Young Glory, "he's only jesting, but I'll adopt his plan."

The boy gave Dan a sharp look, and as the Irishman was before the guard, Young Glory glided by unobserved in the darkness.

The boy went boldly to the colonel's room, and turning the handle without knocking, he entered, and found there, sitting alone over some papers, a tall, military-looking man. This was the colonel.

"Who are you?" cried the latter fiercely, starting up.

"I want to know if Lieutenant Hobson is here," said Young Glory, speaking in Spanish.

"No, he is not," said the colonel. Then he corrected himself. "But why do I speak to you? What do you mean, dog, in questioning your officer? I will shoot you."

The colonel reached hastily for his six-shooter.

"No, you won't," said Young Glory quickly, producing a pistol and covering the colonel with it. "I tell you, I can defend myself."

"Seize them! Seize them!"

Wild shouts came from outside.

Then Dan threw open the door and burst into the room, looking scared.

"It's Jose Castro; he's after us."

"Cover this man," cried Young Glory with ready decision.

Quick as lightning he bounded at the door, shut it and turned the key.

"Now, through the window, Dan; it's our only chance."

Dashing past the astonished colonel, Young Glory and

Dan rushed at the open window. Dan went first and dropped from the window to the rocks.

Then, as Young Glory was following his example, the door was burst in and a crowd of excited men filled the room.

Bang!

The man at the head, Jose Castro, fired, but Young Glory was on the rocks before the bullet passed over his head.

Down they went toward the sea, into which they plunged headlong and began to swim with all their strength. Shots came after them, but the darkness was their protection and neither was hit.

Then a boat from the Vesuvius picked them up, and soon they were on board.

"So the lieutenant's not in the Morro, Young Glory," said Captain Paul.

"No, sir."

"Then we'll make things hum."

And immediately the cruiser sent in half a dozen great shells into the famous fort, doing immense damage.

She was only nine hundred yards from shore, and not till the work was over did she withdraw, receiving a perfect hail of fire from the Spanish fort, without sustaining any injury, and as she steamed back out of range her sailors cheered lustily and aroused the entire fleet by their enthusiasm.

The last gallant exploit of Young Glory had given great satisfaction.

When the time came to enter Santiago harbor Admiral Sampson knew that he would be able to batter the Morro to pieces without endangering the lives of the heroes of the Merrimac.

Kate King joined General Shafter's army of occupation to act as a nurse attached to the Red Cross service.

Young Glory was not idle. He was soon engaged in a desperate piece of work, the history of which will shortly be made public.

THE END.

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